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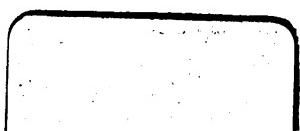
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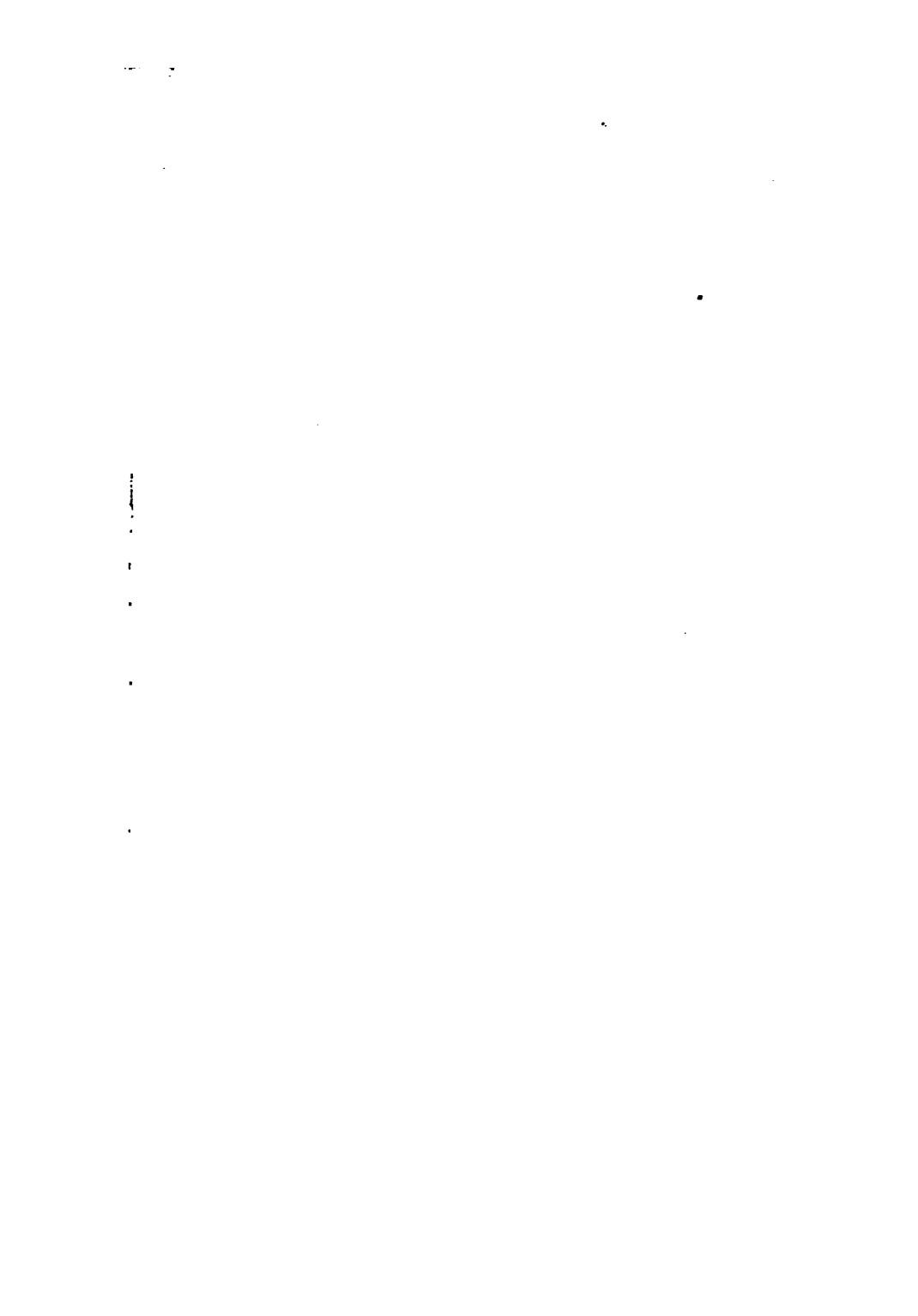
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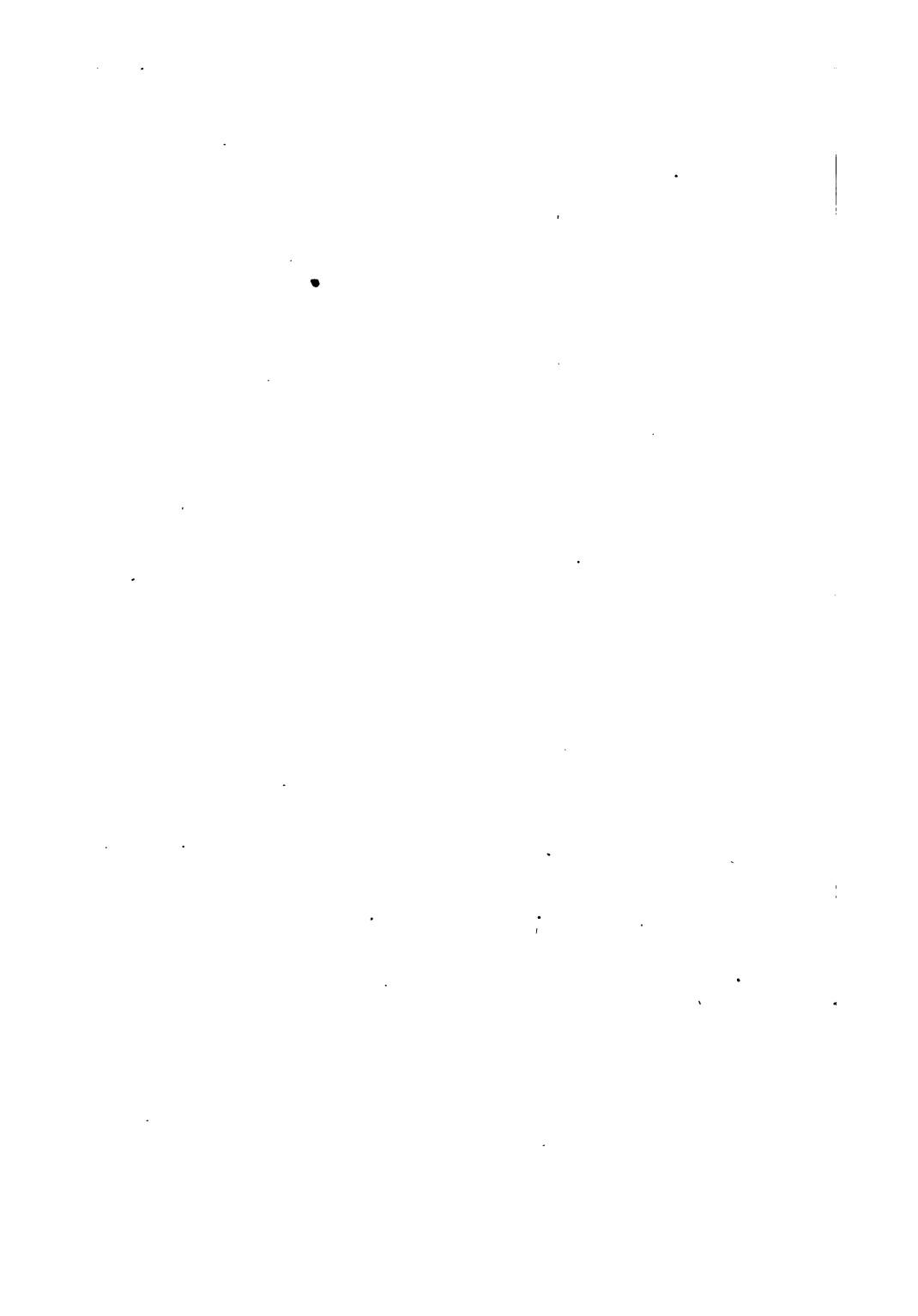
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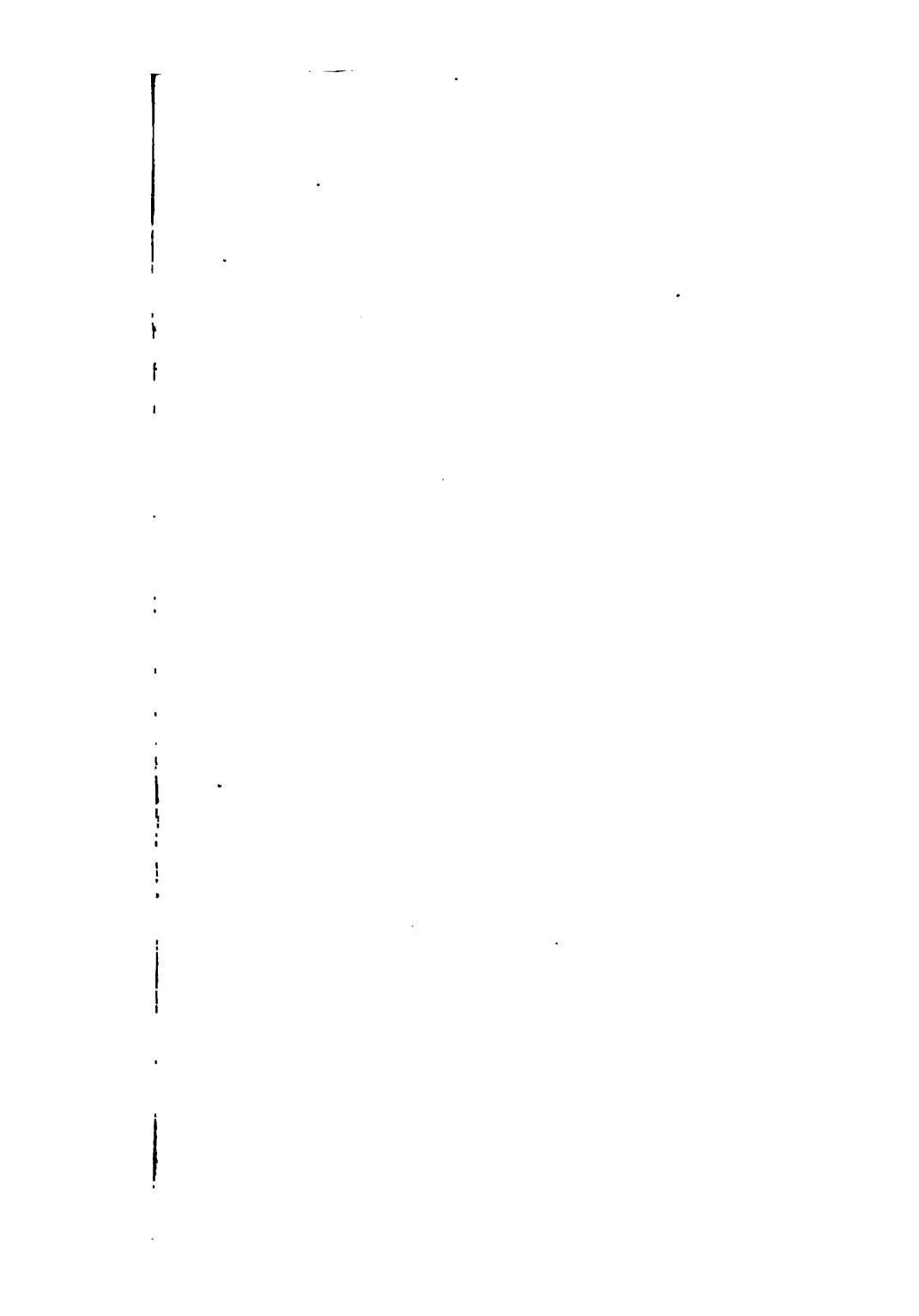
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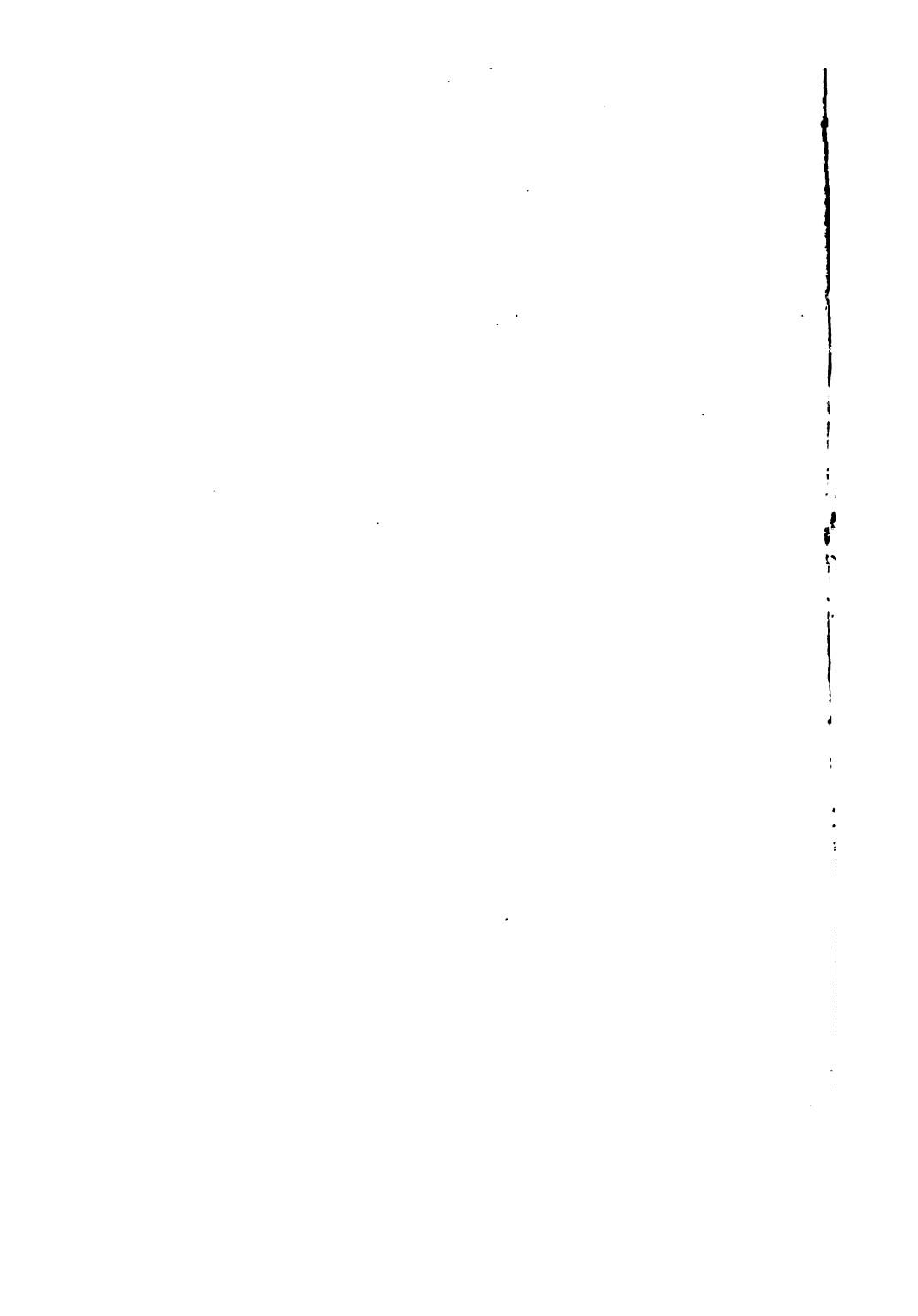
• HYMNS •











Hymns

for the

Church of England.

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EPHESIANS, V.

Be filled with the Spirit ; speaking to yourselves in psalms
and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in
your heart to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto
God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.



THE PREFACE.

THE hymns contained in this book are, it is trusted, truthful, scriptural, and evangelical, and fit, by their comprehensiveness, simplicity, and catholicity, for the use of all persons.

Every part has been framed with a special view to being sung. The rhythm of each line is such that an emphatic syllable will, with few exceptions, be found to occupy the place of the accented note. To each hymn is assigned its own proper tune, in the hope that by thus wedding words and music together the value of both may be enhanced, and the one ever bring the other to remembrance, whether the book be used in the church, the school, or the closet.

It may be right to mention that a great portion of the book is copyright, and that the privileges of copyright will be duly preserved.

The book is cast upon the waters with a prayer that the blessing of Almighty God may attend it, and render it a source of edification and comfort to as many as shall use it. To him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end.
Amen.

A TABLE OF HYMNS FOR THE SUNDAYS, AND OTHER HOLYDAYS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS.

Sundays of Advent.

	HYMN
First.....	XIV. XV. XVI. XVII. XC.
Second	XVIII. XIX. XVI. CXXII.
Third	XX. XXI. LIII. CXIX.
Fourth.....	XXII. XX. XXI. XLI.

Sundays after Christmas.

First.....	XXVII. XXIV. XXV. XXVI.
Second	XXXII. XXVI. XXVIII. VIII.

Sundays after the Epiphany.

First.....	XXXVIII. XXXIII. XXXVI. XC.
Second	XXXIX. XXXIII. XXVII. XXXIV.
Third	XL. XXXIII. VIII. XXXV.
Fourth.....	XLI. XXXIII. XXXVIII. XXXIV.
Fifth	XLII. CVI. XXXV. XIX.
Sixth.....	XLIII. XIV. XLIV. XVI.

Septuagesima

XLV. XLVI. XLVII. CXX.

Sexagesima

XLVIII. XLVI. LVII. XCIX.

Quinquagesima

XLIX. XLVI. XXXIX. XLII.

Sundays in Lent.

First.....	LIII. XLVIII. LII. XCIX.
Second.....	LIV. XXXIX. XC VIII. CIX.
Third	LV. XLIX. C. CXV.
Fourth	LVI. LIV. CXII. LXVII.
Fifth	LVII. XXXIX. LXIII. CX.
Sunday next before Easter.....	LVIII. LIX. LX. LXI.

Easter day

LXIX. LXX. LXXI. LXXII. LXXIII. LXXIV. CXVI.

Sundays after Easter.

First.....	LXXV. LXIX. LXX. LXXI.
Second	LXXVI. LXXI. LXXIV. CXXI.
Third.....	LXXVII. LXXI. LXXV. LXI.
Fourth	LXXVIII. LXXI. LXXV. LXXVII.
Fifth	LXXIX. LXXVII. LXXVIII. CIV.

HYMN

Sunday after Ascension day.....LXXXIV. LXXXI. LXXXII. LXXXIII.
 WhitsundayLXXXV. LXXXVI. LXXXVII. LXXXVIII. LXXXIX. XC. CIV.
 Trinity SundayXCI. XCII. XCIII. XCIV.
 Sundays after Trinity.

First.....XCV. XCI. CXXI. CXXII.
 Second.....XCVI. XCIII. CXXXII. CXXXIV.
 ThirdXCVII. XLII. XCIV.
 FourthXCVIII. LXXXIX. CXXII. XIV.
 FifthXCIX. XCVII. LIII. XC.
 Sixth.....C. XCVIII. LXIV. LXIII.
 SeventhCI. XXXV. XCIX. XCVII.
 EighthCII. CXXI. CXXII. XL.
 NinthCIII. CXXXII. LXVII. LXXXIX.
 TenthCIV. XIV. LIV. XC.
 EleventhCV. XCIV. CII. CXLVII.
 TwelfthCVI. XCV. LVII. CXXII.
 ThirteenthCVII. C. XCVIII. CIV.
 FourteenthCVIII. XCIX. LXVII. XCIV.
 FifteenthCIX. CXXXII. LXXXIX. XC.
 SixteenthCX. XXXIX. CXXI. XXX.
 SeventeenthCXI. XXXV. LXII. CVII.
 EighteenthCXII. LV. CXXIV. XXIX.
 NineteenthCXIII. CI. XXXVI. CIV.
 TwentiethCXIV. CXLI. XXXV. XCIX.
 One and twentiethCXV. XLII. XXXIX. XXIX.
 Two and twentiethCXVI. CXIII. CXXII. C.
 Three and twentiethCXVII. XCVI. LXII. XXXIX.
 Four and twentiethCXVIII. CXLIV. CXXII. XIV.
 Five and twentiethCXIX. XLI. CXLVIII. LXVII.
 Six and twentiethCXX. CXLVI. CXLIX. XCIX.

Note, that when only one hymn is required for any day, the first hymn may be considered as the one most appropriate for the day.

HYMNS FOR HOLYDAYS.

HYMN

S. Andrew the Apostle.....	XXXVI. XXIX. CXLIV. CL.
S. Thomas the Apostle.....	CXLIV. XCVII. CX. CL.
Christmas day	XXIII. XXIV. XXV. XXVI. XXVII. I.
S. Stephen the Martyr	XXIX. XXVI. XCVII. CXLIII.
S. John the Evangelist	XXX. XXVI. CXVII. CXLIV.
The Innocents.....	XXXI. XXVI. CXI. CXXI.
The Circumcision of Christ.....	XXVIII. XXXII. XXVI. VIII.
The Epiphany	XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXVI. XXXVII. XXVI.
The Conversion of S. Paul.....	XCVII. XLII. LXIV. XC.
The Purification of the blessed Virgin Mary.....	XLIV. XIV. CXXII.
Ash Wednesday	L. LI. LII. XCIX.
S. Matthias the Apostle	XXXVI. XXIX. CXLV. LIII.
The Annunciation	LX. LXVII. LXXVII.
Monday before Easter	LIX. LVIII. LVII. CXII.
Tuesday before Easter	LXI. XLII. CX. CXXXIX.
Wednesday before Easter.....	LXII. XXXIX. XCVII. CIX.
Thursday before Easter	LXIII. LXVII. CXXV. CXXXV.
Good Friday	LXIV. LXV. LXVI. LXVII. LVII. LX. LXII.
Easter even.....	LXVIII. LXVII. XCIX. CXXXIV.
Monday in Easter week.....	LXXIII. LXIX. LXX. LXXII.
Tuesday in Easter week	LXXIV. LXIX. LXX. CXXI.
S. Mark the Evangelist	CXLII. XXXV. CXLIV. CXXI.
S. Philip and S. James the Apostles.....	XXXVI. CXLIV. XCVII. LXXVII.
The Ascension day...LXXX. LXXXI. LXXXII. LXXXIII. CXXXII. CXXXIV.	
Monday in Whitsun week	LXXXIX. CII. CIV. CXXI.
Tuesday in Whitsun week.....	.XC. CXIII. CXXII. LXXVI.
S. Barnabas the Apostle.....	XXXVI. XXIX. LXXXVII. CL.
S. John Baptist.....	CXXXIV. XXII. XCIX. CXIX.
S. Peter the Apostle.....	XXXVI. XXXV. XXIX. CL.
S. James the Apostle	XCVII. XXIX. CXLIV. CL. CXXXIV.
S. Bartholomew the Apostle.....	XXXVI. XXIX. LIII. CXXII.
S. Matthew the Apostle.....	XXXVI. XXIX. CXLIV. CXLI.
S. Michael and all Angels.....	CXXXV. XCI. XCVI. XLVI.
S. Luke the Evangelist.	CXLII. XXXV. LXVII. CXLIV.
S. Simon and S. Jude the Apostles.....	XXXVI. XXXV. CXLIV. CL.
All Saints. ...	CXLIII. CXLIV. CXLV. CXLVII. CXLVIII. CXLIX. CXXX.

HYMNS FOR THE VIGILS, FASTS, AND DAYS OF
ABSTINENCE, TO BE OBSERVED IN THE YEAR.

THE EVEN OR VIGIL BEFORE	S. Andrew.....	xcvii.
	S. Thomas	cxliv.
	Christmas day.....	xxiii. xxiv. xxv.
	The Purification.....	cxlii.
	S. Matthias	cxxxii.
	The Annunciation.....	c xvii.
	Easter day	lxviii.
	The Ascension day.....	cxlvi.
	Whitsunday	xc.
	S. John Baptist.....	xiii.
	S. Peter.....	cix.
	S. James	cxi.
	S. Bartholomew.....	xxxix.
	S. Matthew.....	cxxxiv.
	S. Simon and S. Jude	cxlvii.
All Saints.....		cxl ix.
The forty days of Lent		xxxi. xxxix. xl ii. xl viii. xl ix. li.
		xcvii. xc viii. xcix. cv. cix. cx. cxii. cxxiv. cxxxiv.
The Ember days.....		xxxvi. liii. cxv.
The Rogation days.....		lxxvii. liv.
Fridays.....		lvii. lx. lxii. lx iv. lxv. lxvii.

HYMNS FOR CERTAIN OFFICES.

	HYMN
Morning prayer.....	I. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII.
Evening prayer.....	IX. X. XI. XII. XIII.
Litany	LXVII. LXII. LXIV.
Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.....	CXXV. CXXVI. CXXVII. XLII. CVII.
Sacrament of Baptism	CXXI. CXVI. CXVII. CXXII.
Confirmation.....	CXXXIII. CXXXIV. CXV.
Holy matrimony	CXXVIII. VII.
Visitation of the sick	XCVII. CLVI. CLVII. CLVIII.
Communion of the sick.....	CXXIX. LXVII.
Burial of the dead	CXXX. CXXXI. XCIX.
Churching of women	CXXXII. CXXXIII.
Commination	LI. LII. LVII.
Foundation of a church.....	XXXV. CXLVI.
Dedication of a church....	CXXXVI. XXXV. XCVI. CII. CXLVI. CXLIX. CL.
Making of deacons	LXXXVII.
Ordering of priests	LIII. LXXXVIII.
Consecrating of bishops	XXXVI. LXXXVI.

HYMNS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

	HYMN
Harvest	CLI. CXXXVII. CXXXVIII. CXXXIX.
Missions to the heathen	XXXII. XXXVII. XXXVIII. XC. XCIII. CII.
National trouble.....	CXL. L. CXI.
National deliverance	CXLI. XCVI. CXIII.

H Y M N .

I.

HOW glorious is the morning sun,
When forth in bright array
He comes his gladdening course to run,
Converting night to day.

The mist that hung the valley o'er
Is up the mountain rolled,
While flood and forest, sea and shore,
Are radiant all with gold.

E'en so the world's Redeemer Lord,
The Sun of righteousness,
Pours joyous, healing rays abroad,
The heart of man to blefs.

Sin's earth born clouds are rolled away
By his eternal might,
And they whose souls in darkness lay
Behold a wondrous light.

All glory to the sacred Three,
The One almighty Lord,
Whose name for evermore shall be
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

H Y M N

II.

O CHRIST, with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee.

All hallowed be our walk this day ;
May meeknes form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright.

Let grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul ;
Let guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Our daily course, O Jesu, bless,
Make plain the way of holines ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One,
Thanksgiving with sweet melody
Be now and everlastingly.

H Y M N

III.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Thy talent to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear :
Think, how all seeing God surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

Illumined by the light divine,
Let thy own light in good works shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

IV.

O H ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Shall furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

H Y M N

V.

ALL praise to thee in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling place hast made:
A glorious ocean of bright beams
From thine eternal Godhead streams.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :
One ray of thy all quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art,
O never then from me depart ;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
E'en for one moment without thee.

My vows I now to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

VI.

NOW from the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise :
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
My morning sacrifice.

Awake my love, awake my joy,
Awake my heart and tongue ;
Sleep not, when mercies loudly call,
Break forth in holy song.

Sweet sleep has gained that strength to me,
Which labour did devour ;
My body was in weaknes sown,
But it is raised in power.

Lord, for thy mercies manifold
My humble thanks I pay,
And meekly dedicate to thee
The firstfruits of the day.

Let this day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my days :
And, O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

Now to the King invisible,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Which was, and is, and is to come,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

VII.

THIS morn, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
Exalting Christ our King;
Let all proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
The Saviour's name.

Most gracious Lord, do thou
To faithful souls draw near;
Accept each solemn vow,
Each song of gladness hear;
Thy blessing pour
This festal day
On us who pray,
And thee adore.

Thy holy Spirit send
From blissful realms above,
Our mind with thine to blend
In never failing love;
That we may be
Unceasingly
In unity
Of heart with thee.

H Y M N

VIII.

O CHRIST, in whom we live and move,
Our strength and righteousness,
Let not our going forth reprove
The faith our lips confess.

From doing wrong, from taking harm,
From word and thought of ill,
From lust of gold, from pleasure's charm,
Preserve thy people still.

And let, O Lord, our coming in,
Our household works and ways,
Untouched by taint or spot of sin,
Make clearly known thy praise.

Whate'er the path our feet pursue,
May every step proclaim
The worship, love, and honour due
To thy most holy name

To thee, the true and only Son,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
Who art with God the Father one,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

IX.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night,
Through the darksome hours attend us,
From the powers of ill defend us,
Slumber sweet in mercy send us,
Be thou our light.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the trumpet's call shall wake us,
Do not thou, in wrath, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
O Lord most high.

Three in One, in strength excelling,
Whom thrones confess,
Whom, before thy presence dwelling,
The angels blefs,
Ever in the new creation
May we joy in thy salvation,
And to thee with adoration
Our praise addrefs.

H Y M N

X.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

XI.

O GOD, through countleſs ages King,
And wondrous in thy sovereign ways,
To thee let all thy children bring
Their evening ſacrifice of praise.

Great cause, most bleſſed Lord, have we
To close the day with praiſeful voice ;
And, lifting high the heart to thee,
In thine eternal love rejoice.

With never failing, tender care
Thy bounteous hands our life sustain ;
Through thee redempſion's grace we share,
Salvation's hope through thee we gain.

For thouſand thouſand mercies past,
For joys which now thy gifts afford,
Our thanks before thy throne we cast,
Bleſt Trinity, for aye adored.

H Y M N

XII.

'T IS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh ! may no earth born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me, from morn till eve
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me, when night is nigh,
•For without thee I dare not die.

Thou framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have thee.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

H Y M N

XIII.

HOW good in Sion's gates to sing
The praise of thee, our Saviour King;
To bless thy name by morning light,
And tell of all thy love at night !

O Jesu, fount of heavenly joy —
Of bliss unmixed with earth's alloy —
Full plenteously refreshment give,
While in this world our spirits live.

Vouchsafe us calm and peaceful hours,
Send comforts as the softening showers ;
And ever, day by day, renew
Thy mercy as the early dew.

Lord, guide us where from sorrow free,
The sad in heart at rest shall be ;
Where they who now in weeping sow,
Shall everlasting gladness know.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
By day, by night, in song adore,
Be glory, now, and evermore.

H Y M N

XIV.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth and heaven hosanna sing.

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care
Watch daily o'er this house of prayer ;
Where, gathered in thy sacred name,
We at thy hands a blessing claim.

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

In every heart a welcome guest,
Let thy renewing Spirit rest :
Make, Lord, each faithful soul to be
A vessel pure, and meet for thee
Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So may we on that awful day,
When earth and heaven shall pass away,
Rise throughly cleansed from sinful stain,
And thine eternal kingdom gain.

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

With cherubim and seraphim,
Who, Holy, holy, holy, hymn
Before the throne, and never rest,
We sing the Three, One ever blest.

Hosanna ! Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

H Y M N

XV.

LO, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Holy angel hosts attending,
Swell the triumph of his train ;
Alleluia !
Christ shall take his power and reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Blest redemption, long expected !
See, a white robed throng appear ;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise, his solemn pomp to share :
From the ransomed
Songs of gladness rend the air.

Yea, Amen ; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take thy power and glory,
Make thy righteous judgment known ;
Come, Lord Jesus :
Seal for evermore thine own.

H Y M N

XVI.

BEHOLD the Son of man appear !
His power and might revealing ;
The trumpet's awful warning hear,
To earth's far corners pealing :
The dead awake, the graves restore
From sea and land their countless store ;
The quick are called to meet him.

The glorious angel hosts attend,
With joy the Lord surrounding ;
The saints who slept in Christ ascend,
In blissful peace abounding :
No gloomy thoughts their souls dismay,
Their Saviour sheds a gladdening ray
On all prepared to meet him.

But unbelievers, filled with fears,
Remorse their hearts assailing,
Come forth to learn that now their tears
And cries are unavailing :
O'erwhelmed with shame they lift the head ;
Their righteous Judge the guilty dread,
With trembling they shall meet him.

To thee, O Jesu, thanks we raise,
True faith and hope professing ;
Thou art our God, and thee we praise,
Unfeigned love expressing :
Thou art our blest Redeemer Lord,
Our sure exceeding great reward,
Our crown and high rejoicing.

H Y M N

XVII.

DAY of wrath, O day of mourning .
See the Son's dread sign returning ;
Heaven and earth in ashes burning.

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth :
All before the throne it bringeth.

Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all has been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion.

Guilty, now we pour our moaning,
All our shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O Lord, thy suppliants groaning.

Ah, that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare, O Lord, in mercy spare him.

Lord all pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest.

H Y M N

XVIII.

WHEN mighty blasts shall rend the deep,
And from the womb of earth
Shall call the myriad souls that sleep
To resurrection's birth ;

When Christ shall make the clouds his seat,
And ride on wings of air ;
When quick and dead, their Judge to meet,
Shall to his throne repair ;

O then repentance will be vain,
And pardon not be found ;
No mercy gift shall then remain,
No healing grace abound.

Prepare, prepare us, gracious God,
Let now our hearts begin
To feel thy loving, chastening rod
Destroying all our sin.

H Y M N

XIX.

OUR King, in clouds of light,
With bright angelic train,
Shall come, and all his saints unite,
With him in blifs to reign.

Then let us ready stand,
For his appearing wait ;
Have no ungodly work in hand,
And deeds of darkness hate.

Thrice happy they shall be,
Who thus are watchful found ;
They shall with joy the Saviour see,
And be with glory crowned.

The everlasting Son,
Their blest Redeemer Lord,
Who has for them a kingdom won,
Shall give them great reward.

To heaven's eternal Three,
The high and lofty One,
All love and adoration be,
While endleſs ages run.

H Y M N

XX.

HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song.

He comes the prisoners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage sealed ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight ;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the wounded souls to heal,
The broken hearts to bind ;
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the lowly mind.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine advent shall proclaim ;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With thy most holy name.

Now to the King invisible,
One God whom we adore,
Which was, and is, and is to come,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

XXI.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
He gracious is, and will not leave
The desolate to mourn :
His word calls forth the stormy wind,
And stills the raging wave,
And his right hand, though strong to smite,
Is also strong to save.

Long has the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight :
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground ;
So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light :
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

H Y M N

XXII.

O SION, rise and watch,
Prepare to meet thy King ;
Let all within thy walls receive
The peace he comes to bring.

His advent, long foretold,
Shall Satan's power destroy ;
Make ready then, and greet his birth
With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting Word
Incarnate thou shalt see ;
In servant's form the Son draws nigh,
To make thy children free.

Now bid them cast away
The sinful works of night,
And, putting heavenly armour on,
Stand clad in robes of light.

With tender, loving care
His Israel he shall feed ;
Upon his bosom bear the lambs,
And those in travail lead.

All glory, Lord, to thee,
The sole begotten one,
With the eternal Father throned
Before all time begun.

H Y M N

XXIII.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
When amid the wakeful fold
Tidings good the angel told.

Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise ;
Now with carol hymns we bleſs
Christ the Lord our righteousneſs.

While resounds the joyful cry,
Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, goodwill to men ;
Gladly we respond, Amen.

Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay ;
Thus we tell with saintly mirth
Of Emmanuel's wondrous birth.

We in sacred peace will live,
We to God will glory give,
Lauding with the heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

XXIV.

WHILE shepherds watched their flock by
night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Fear not, said he, for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling clothes,
And in a manger laid.

Thus spake the angel, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.

H Y M N

XXV.

HARK, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the heavenly King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild :
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies :
With the angel host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.

Vailed in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail incarnate Deity :
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail the heaven born Prince of Peace ;
Hail the Sun of righteousness :
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

H Y M N

XXVI.

A SSEMBLE, ye faithful,
Haste with exultation
And gladness of heart unto Bethlehem ;
Raise your hosannas,
Greeting Christ the Saviour :
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord

True God, uncreated,
Infinite, eternal,
Behold, he abhorred not the Virgin's womb;
Into the Godhead
Taking very manhood :
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

Let now, alleluia,
Angels and archangels
Throughout the celestial mansions sing ;
Glory to God, be
Chanted in the highest :
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

To thee, holy Jesu,
Born at this good season,
Thou Word of the Father for us made flesh,
Blessing and honour
Give we through the Spirit :
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration,
O come with adoration before the Lord.

H Y M N

XXVII.

LIFT high the sacred canticle,
Pour forth the joyful strain,
Extolling him who evermore
On Sion's hill shall reign.

Exalt the mighty Saviour's name,
Of Jesse's stem the rod ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The everlasting God.

Let heaven's eternal arches ring,
While Salem's children raise
To David's Son, and David's Lord,
Triumphant songs of praise.

The dew of his most precious birth
Is of the morning hour ;
He comes e'en like the glorious sun,
Arrayed in living power.

His sovereignty and majesty
Shall more and more increase ;
His throne, now set in righteousness,
Shall give all nations peace.

Now to the King invisible,
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Which was, and is, and is to come,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

XXVIII.

EIIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy child has been ;
Long named in heaven, he now must go
To take that name on him below —

JESUS, who saves from sin —

His mother kept the angel's word
Deep in her bosom stored :
The rest, by fear and love unstirred,
Unconscious of its meaning heard,
The name the infant bore.

The traitor sought him by that name,
When all the murderous crew
With swords and staves against him came :
And on the crofs, the place of shame,
That name was fixed in view.

Yet in his hour of glory, now,
That precious name is given
Above all names to deck his brow ;
And at the name of JESUS bow
The powers and thrones of heaven.

Worthy art thou o'er us to reign,
Blest Lord, for evermore ;
Thou who for us didst not disdain
That sinners should that name profane,
Which seraphim adore.

H Y M N

XXIX.

THE Son of man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood red banner streams afar —
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save ;

Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame :

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
In trust with him to reign :
To us, O God, may grace be given
To follow in their train !

H Y M N

XXX.

THREE are who mount on eagle wings
Above this earthly plain,
And of the everlasting things
A wondrous vision gain.

On pinnacle of rock they stand,
And pierce with steadfast gaze
The sun that o'er the holy land
Pours forth his cheering rays.

They see the glorious majesty
Of heaven's eternal King,
And hear the seraph company
Their alleluias sing.

The loving and the loved saint John
In isle of Patmos lay :
Bright revelations round him shone
On Christ's rejoicing day.

On pinions strong his spirit soared
From sorrow's deepening night,
To taste the prophet's high reward
In realms of endless light.

He saw the golden diadem,
And home of peerless rest,
Reserved in new Jerusalem
For those in Jesus blest.

All glory to the sacred Three,
The One almighty Lord,
Whose name for evermore shall be
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

H Y M N

XXXI.

OUR carnal mind, O Christ, control,
And make us pure within ;
Purge more and more our inmost soul
From wilful thoughts of sin.

Let not this world with spot or soil
Our heart and reins defile ;
Nor Satan round our spirit coil
His chain of fraud and guile.

Be ours the blessed lot of those
Who every evil flee ;
Whose blameless converse clearly shews
Communion full with thee.

With holy innocence still
May we shew forth thy praise ;
And, firm in faith, obey thy will
Amid the evil days.

All glory to the Father be,
And thee, O Saviour Lord,
And Holy Ghost, coequal Three ;
One God for aye adored.

H Y M N

XXXII.

THE mountain of the Lord's abode
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

The beam that now on Sion shines
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who now in Salem reigns
Shall all the earth command.

Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall the meek defend,
And quell the scorner's pride.

No wars shall rage, no deadly feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruninghooks their spears.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine,
And, walking in his glorious light,
With holy beauties shine.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
All glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

H Y M N

XXXIII.

WHAT light is this whose silvery gleam
On Salem pours its glittering stream ?
What lovely star is this which brings
To Salem's gate these eastern kings ?

Behold the glorious type foretold
On Peor's mountain height of old ;
Behold the heaven appointed sign
Of one now born of Jacob's line.

These princes would the presence gain
Of him who shall o'er Israel reign ;
Of him who shall the Gentiles bless
With healing rays of righteousness.

May all on whom the truth has shined,
The world's Redeemer surely find ;
And, offering gifts from choicest store,
In heart and soul his name adore.

H Y M N

XXXIV.

HAIL, thou source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind ;
Gentiles now, thy truth possessing,
In thy courts admission find.

Sinners all may now implore thee,
In thy church obtain a place ;
All believe, and all adore thee,
Praise thy name, and taste thy grace.

Hail, thou Son of blessed Mary,
East and west their offerings bring,
Never doubting, never weary,
Seek in Bethlehem our true King.

So may we, with gifts appointed,
In thy temple minister ;
Every one, a priest anointed,
Incense bring, and gold, and myrrh :

Gold, for thou art king anointed,
Incense, for thou hearest prayer,
Myrrh, for through the grave's dim portal
Thou didst pass, our doom to share.

May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to thy praise ;
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
While the endless ages run,
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ever blessed Three and One.

H Y M N

XXXV.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
Who can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Thine the pure and living waters,
Welling from the throne above :
Thither speed thy sons and daughters,
There all thirst to slake in love.

Streams from that o'erflowing river
Well each fevered heart aifusage ;
Streams, which, like the eternal giver,
Never fail from age to age.

Christ's deep love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings :
And, as priests, with solemn praises,
Each the pure thank offering brings.

Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joy, and lasting treasure,
None but God's true hearted know.

Glory to our God, and merit,
Highest he above all height ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in praise, and one in might.

H Y M N

XXXVI.

HOW beautiful the feet that bring
The gladsome tidings here:
What gracious messengers of peace
To our blest eyes appear!

These are the stars which God appoints
To guide the wise in heart;
To lead them unto Bethlehem,
To bear with Christ their part.

These are the Lord's ambassadors,
By whom his mind we know:
His angels in the nether heaven,
His heralds here below.

Baptized by them, the souls arise
That did in Adam die;
And, fed by them with bread from heaven,
Train for their rest on high.

Thy servants speak, Lord, but thou dost
The hearing ear bestow :
They smite the rock, but only thou
Canst make the waters flow.

They shoot the arrow, but thy skill
Must bring the arrow home :
They seek, but thy love must compel
The erring ones that roam.

Thou, Lord, art in them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray ;
The twelve bright banners march before,
And shew us Canaan's way.

Bless we our God, who grants us now
To sing in Sion's ways :
When shall we sing on Sion's hill
His everlasting praise ?

H Y M N

XXXVII.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
The heathen in his blindnes
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Have learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spread from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

H Y M N

XXXVIII.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Manifest through earth thy light ;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day spring, from on high draw near ;
Day star, in our hearts appear.

Dreary is the noontide hour,
Cold is summer's midday heat,
Till thou puttest forth thy power,
And thy beams the spirit meet :
Till thy gospel rays impart
Peace and joy to warm the heart.

Through each soul, O Jesu, shine,
Pierce the cloud of sin and grief ;
Fill each mind with faith divine,
Scatter wide all unbelief :
More and more thy power display,
Hasten, Lord, the perfect day.

H Y M N

XXXIX.

THE name of Jesus evermore
Is full of sacred cheer ;
It soothes each sorrow, heals each sore,
And dries up every tear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
Gives manna to the hungry soul ;
To those that labour rest.

Blest name ! the Rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding place ;
Our treasure house so richly filled
With stores of heavenly grace.

Still let us here thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath :
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our souls in death.

Dominion, might, and honour be
To God the sovereign Lord ;
The holy, blessed, glorious Three,
Throughout the church adored.

H Y M N

XL.

WHEN holy strains are pealing high,
Stand not in lifeless silence by ;
When these blest courts resound with praise,
Let us a willing anthem raise.

Awake, awake, and take thy part,
Each sleepy, dull, and sluggish heart ;
Arise, and with the heavenly choir
In robes of song thyself attire.

Fear not, ye saints, uplift the voice,
Take courage, and aloud rejoice ;
Give glory to the King of kings,
Praise him from whom all goodness springs.

To God, through his eternal Son,
Whose grace has man's redemption won,
Whose saving love has crowned our day,
With one consent glad homage pay.

Sing alleluia, bless the Lord,
In heaven of heavens for aye adored ;
Bless him before the mercy seat,
Bless Father, Son, and Paraclete.

H Y M N

XLI.

TO Christ the living Lord,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
With heart and voice in full accord,
We thankful praises bring.

By his almighty arm,
With never ceasing care,
He guards his saints in midst of harm
From every hurtful snare.

And when all nations stand
Before the judgment throne,
In presence of the angel band
His loved ones he will own.

He will to them afford
The peace without alloy ;
And plenteously the just reward
With never fading joy.

Now to the sacred name,
One God in persons three,
Through everlasting years the same,
The power and glory be.

H Y M N

XLII.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fear your course impede,
God will help in every need.

Faint not, halt not, forward move,
Though the world your life reprove ;
Forward still with courage press,
Clad in robes of righteousness.

In the strength of heavenly grace
Run with joy the glorious race ;
Trample every hindrance down,
Till the prize your labours crown.

Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Lord of might and majesty,
Grant to us the mastery.

H Y M N

XLIII.

ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills ;
Before he filled the fountains
That glad the running rills :
Brought forth from everlasting,
I, wisdom, dwelt with him ;
In joyance never wasting,
In brightness never dim.

When like a vaulted dwelling
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood,
He wrought by weight and measure ;
And I was with him then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men.

Thus holy words discover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlasting lover
Of our unworthy race :
Thy gracious eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were hung above ;
In goodness thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

H Y M N

XLIV.

THEY temple visit, Lord,
Thine Israel to bless ;
This holy day be thou adored,
O Christ our righteousness.

Our minds as gold refine,
And for thyself prepare ;
Fulfil our souls with grace divine,
And fix thy presence there.

Now whisper in our breast
Sweet words of gladdening cheer,
How they who on thy promise rest
Shall find thee ever near.

And bid us seek above
The mansions fair and new,
Where eye shall see, and heart shall love,
What faith has counted true.

In peace may we depart
To those bright realms of joy,
Where saints shall be e'en as thou art,
All pure from sin's alloy.

From all the heavenly host,
And church redeemed from woe,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let endless praises flow.

H Y M N

XLV.

YE heavenly choirs, pour forth to God
A chant so loud and strong,
That all the sons of men may hear,
And join your holy song.

Thou sun, laud him who dwells unseen
Amid unclouded light ;
From early morn to dewy eve
Extol his boundless might.

Thou moon, throughout the silent hours
The joyful strain prolong ;
And lift your voice in concert full,
Ye wondrous starry throng.

Awake, ye winds, awake, and bear
Afar the notes of praise ;
From north to south, from east to west,
The glorious anthem raise.

Ye waves of the all changing sea,
In ever praiseful chimes,
Give thanks to the eternal Three,
Throughout all earthly times.

O let this universal frame
With sounds of gladness ring,
While all creation's beauteous works
Their alleluias sing.

H Y M N

XLVI.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim ;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

All adoration be to him,
Whom choirs of vailed seraphim
Around the throne of glory sing,
The mighty God, the sovereign King ;
Who was, and is, and still shall be ;
Coequal, coeternal Three :
From rising unto setting sun
His name be praised, his will be done.

H Y M N

XLVII.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to shew,
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
And all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat,
Perform their courses still.

One name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
The Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours, 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

Dominion, might, and honour be
To God the sovereign Lord ;
The holy, blessed, glorious Three,
Through all the church adored. Amen.

H Y M N

XLVIII.

O LORD our God, eternal fount
Of wisdom, power, and love,
Pour down thy wonder working gift
Of faith in things above.

Grant, Lord, to us continual strength
Our ghostly foe to quell ;
Vouchsafe the mighty shield of faith
To quench the darts of hell.

Incline our wavering hearts to trust
In that most holy name,
On which for pardon, peace, and joy
Faith grounds her steadfast claim.

For that name's sake assist us, Lord,
To run our heavenward race ;
And let no earth born unbelief
Our glorious hope efface.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
All praise and adoration be,
Both now and evermore

H Y M N

XLIX.

MY God, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Before thy throne of grace let this
My humble prayer arise.

Grant, Lord, a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
Thy comfort give, thy peace impart,
And keep me close to thee.

Wide spread thy guardian wings around,
While on this world I tread ;
And let me, when in trouble found,
By thy right hand be led.

O righteous Father, not my will,
But thine, be alway done ;
Thus lovingly the wish fulfil
Of thy beloved Son.

Let the blest hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence o'er my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

To God, my God, all glory be,
With Jesus Christ the Son,
And Comforter, coequal Three;
The holy, blessed One.

H Y M N

L.

THE church of God her children calls
A solemn fast to keep ;
Let now within the temple walls
Both priest and people weep.

But come we not with tears alone
To lift our mournful prayer ;
In depth of soul may this be known,
That true remorse is there.

O Lord, before thy mercy throne
Our lips confession pour ;
Incline us, all our guilt to own,
And every sin abhor.

The broken, bleeding spirit see,
And pardoning grace impart ;
Let healing rays, good Lord, from thee
Renew the contrite heart.

To God the Father thanks and praise,
And to his only Son,
And Comforter, through endless days ;
The blessed Three in One.

H Y M N

LI.

IN entrance of the city gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heavenly wisdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud :

How long, ye scorners of the truth,
Will ye in scorn remain ?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain ?

O turn, at last, at my rebuke,
And in that blessed hour,
My holy spirit on your heart
Shall pour its healing power.

But since so long, with earnest voice,
To you in vain I call ;
Since all my tender, kind reproofs
Thus unregarded fall :

The time shall come when, humbled low,
In sorrow's evil day,
Your lips by anguish shall be taught.
But taught too late, to pray.

When, like a whirlwind o'er the deep,
Comes desolation's blast,
The prayer extorted shall be vain,
The time for mercy past.

The choice you make shall fix your doom;
For this is heaven's decree,
That with the fruits of what are sown,
The sinner filled shall be.

H Y M N

LII.

DRAW near, and pray for aid
To cast your sins away,
Whoe'er from Christ have wandered far,
And now in darkness stray.

Think not, how dare we come ;
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in faith should find
The grace of heaven denied.

Nor say, we will not come,
When God vouchsafes to call ;
For awful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

Amend your careless life,
While still ye have the day ;
Forgiveness through the Saviour seek ;
Repent, believe, obey.

O Lord, may all who hear
Each sinful way refine,
And more and more to holiness
Their every step incline.

To God, the Father, Son,
And sacred Paraclete,
Dominion, fear, and glory be,
As is for ever meet.

H Y M N

LIII.

YE chosen men of God,
Who at the altar wait,
With holy care fulfil your trust,
And keep your blest estate.

Fear not, be ne'er dismayed,
Your Lord will strength bestow :
Depending on his promised help,
Undaunted courage shew.

In every work of love
God grant you good success ;
We pray that he who bids you toil
Your task may daily blefs.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, that they
Who hold in charge thy word,
May faithfully that word divide,
And be with gladness heard.

All brightly may their light
Before thy people shine ;
And ever let them manifest
Their ministry divine.

Thanksgiving, glory, power,
Riches, and wisdom, be
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God eternally.

H Y M N

LIV.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give :
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore :
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the gift of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesus, from on high,
We know no help but thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

H Y M N

LV.

ALMIGHTY God, our strength and stay,
On thee for aid we call:
Be thou our succour day by day;
Lest e'er from grace we fall.

What time the world ensnares to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save our souls from wrong.

When evil thoughts our mind assail,
And like a flood they swell,
Grant help ere they in might prevail,
The rising ill repel.

And when, in dark temptation's hour,
The wicked one would bend
Our heart and flesh to own his power,
Thy servants, Lord, defend.

All glory to the sacred Three,
The One almighty Lord,
Whose name for evermore shall be
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

H Y M N

LVI.

O LORD, turn not thy face from them
That lie in woful state,
Lamenting all their sinful life
Before thy mercy gate—

A gate that opens wide to us,
When we repent our sin—
Against us shut it not, O Lord,
But let us enter in.

Let all whose hearts remission crave
The throne of grace surround ;
May pardon full for every fault
By all who seek be found.

Most merciful and mighty Lord,
Thine ear in pity bend
To all who on thy gracious love
For saving health depend.

Blest Trinity, the Father, Son,
And sacred Comforter,
Be gracious, for we wait for thee ;
Thy favour, Lord, confer.

H Y M N

LVII.

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigned to die,
Sweet melodious sounds I hear,
Breathing on my ravished ear —
Sounds of mercy, sounds of grace,
To each child of Adam's race.

Blest Redeemer, draw me near,
Casting from me faithless fear ;
Let me seek in thee relief
For my sinful spirit's grief ;
Let me to thy presence haste,
And thy plenteous comfort taste.

Let my sad offences be
Blotted out, good Lord, by thee ;
Wash me in the precious flood
Of thine ever cleansing blood :
From mine inmost heart's recefs
Pluck each root of bitternes.

Pour upon my darkened sight
Streams of heaven's all quickening light ;
Fill my soul with rays divine,
Rays that from thy glory shine ;
Keep me lest again I stray,
Wandering from the narrow way.

H Y M N

LVIII.

HOW wondrous was the burning zeal
Which filled the Master's breast,
When, all his sufferings full in view,
To Salem's towers he prest.

Good Lord, no tongue can duly tell
Thy love's prevailing might ;
No thought can comprehend its length,
And breadth, and depth, and height.

Yet grant that we may follow thee
Throughout thine hours of scorn ;
And learn with thee to watch and pray,
With thee to weep and mourn.

And still, O blessed Jesu Christ,
The more thy cross we see,
The more let each exclaim with joy,
The Saviour died for me.

All glory to the Father be,
And thee, Redeemer Son,
And thee, O Holy Comforter,
While endless ages run.

H Y M N

LIX.

R IDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expecting his own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain :
Then take, O Lord, thy power, and reign.

H Y M N

LX.

O CHRIST, the blest incarnate Lord,
For man's transgression slain,
We thy redeeming love record
In songs of thankful strain.

We upward lift our longing eyes,
And muse on Calvary ;
On thy mysterious sacrifice,
Thy shame and agony.

All we like erring sheep had strayed
From God the Father's care ;
The guilt of all on thee was laid,
Sin's burden thou didst bear.

O let us through thy cross and pain,
With all who thee adore,
A joyful resurrection gain,
And live for evermore.

May we with all the faithful band
Who thy salvation own,
In everlasting glory stand
Around the great white throne.

H Y M N

LXI.

GRACIOUS words our Lord has spoken,
O my flock, my chosen few,
Now in heart by sorrow broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

There in undisturbed posseſſion
Righteousnes and peace shall reign ;
Never shall you feel opprefſion,
Never share the mourner's pain.

I to living streams will lead you,
Streams that clear as crystal flow ;
And in richest pastures feed you,
Pastures that no dearth can know.

Fear, and dread, and desolation,
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
Ye shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Gloom of night no more shall see :
Ye shall, all your darkness ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

Glory to our God, and merit,
Highest he above all height,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One in praise, and one in might.

H Y M N

LXII.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend ;
Pardon, health, and joy possessing
Through the sinner's dying friend.

Kneel we now, in wonder viewing
Mercy's ever cleansing flood ;
Heart and mind with grace bedewing
From the Saviour's precious blood.

Love and grief our hearts dividing,
Gazing here we'll spend our breath :
Constant still in faith abiding ;
Life deriving from his death.

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix us, in our griefs, on thine ;
Till we taste thy whole salvation,
Where unvailed thy glories shine.

For thy sorrows we adore thee,
For the pains which wrought our peace :
Gracious Saviour, we implore thee,
In our hearts thy love increase.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
While the endless ages run,
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Ever blessed Three and One.

H Y M N

LXIII.

R EFUGE of the troubled soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, O leave, me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Let me, Jesu, on thee rest
In the needful hour of pain ;
Let me with thy help be blest,
Till eternal peace I gain.

H Y M N

LXIV.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
I count each earthly gain as loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride

O may I know none other boast
Than Christ and his atoning blood ;
May every hope, once fostered most,
Lie plunged beneath that cleansing flood.

Behold his head, his hands, his feet ;
See love and sorrow flowing down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

Blest Lord, through whom alone I live,
Who hast my life redeemed, may I
To thee both soul and body give,
And sinful passions mortify.

H Y M N

LXV.

LET us now, our voices raising,
Sing the cross in mournful strain ;
Telling of the woe amazing,
And the agonising pain,
Which the Saviour, man's Redeemer,
Suffered once, for sinners slain.

He, the cruel scourge enduring
Ransom for the lost to pay,
By his stripes the fallen curing,
Raising those who wounded lay,
In his body bore our sorrows,
Took for e'er our griefs away.

When his work of love was ended,
From that fount, his wounded side,
Blood and water straight descended,
Each a sacramental tide ;
With eternal grace o'erflowing,
With all cleansing power supplied.

Jesu, we, thy faith confessing,
Praise thy name with one accord ;
May we, now thy grace possessing,
And at last our high reward,
Evermore with thanks extol thee,
Thee our everloving Lord.

H Y M N

LXVI.

YOU that like heedless strangers pass along,

As if nought here concerned you to day,
Draw nigh, and hear the saddest passion song

That ever you did meet with in your way :
So sad a story ne'er was told before,
Nor shall there be the like for evermore.

The greatest king that ever wore a crown,

More than the basest vassal was abused ;
The truest lover that was ever known,

By them he loved was most unkindly used :
And he that lived from all transgressions clear,
Was plagued for all the sins that ever were.

Oh ! could we but the thousandth part relate

Of those afflictions which they made him bear,
Our hearts with sorrow would dissolve thereat,

And we should sit and weep for ever here ;
Nor should we glad again hereafter be,
But that we hope in glory him to see.

For while upon the cross he pained hung,

And was with sore tormentings also grieved,
Far more than can be told by angel tongue,

Or in the heart of cherubim conceived,
Those for whose sake he underwent such pain,
Rejoiced thereat, and held him in disdain.

One offered to him vinegar and gall ;

A second did his pious trust deride ;
To dicing for his robes did others fall,

And many mocked him, when to God he cried :
Yet he, as they his pain still more procured,
Still loved, and for their good the more endured.

But though his matchless love immortal were,
It was a mortal body he had on,
That could no more than mortal bodies bear,
Their malice therefore did prevail thereon ;
And lo, they utmost fury having tried,
The spotless one gave up the ghost, and died.
Whose death, though cruel unrelenting man
Could view without bewailing or affright ;
The sun grew dark, the earth to quake began,
The temple veil did rend asunder quite ;
Yea, hardest rocks therewith in pieces brake,
And graves did open, and the dead awake.
Oh ! therefore let us all that present be,
This innocent with moved souls embrace ;
For this was our Redeemer ; this was he
Who to the cruel smiters gave his face :
He whom the stiffnecked Jews and Pilate slew,
Is he alone of whom all this is true.
Our sins of spite were part of those that day,
Whose chastening stripes and thorns did make
him smart ;
Our lusts were those that tired him in the way,
Our want of love was that which pierced his
heart :
And still, when we forget or slight his name,
Again we put him to an open shame.
Blest Lord, who hast alone the winepres pres
Baptized with baptism of grief and pain ;
The righteous man, the very Son of God,
Who didst the chalice of our sorrows drain ;
As thou hast on the tree for sinners died,
Let sin in us be throughly mortified. Amen.

H Y M N

LXVII.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone :
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When from heaven I hear a cry,
Telling that my Judge is nigh,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

H Y M N

LXVIII.

CHRIST, with thee till life shall end
I will solemn vigil spend ;
For thee I will hew a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine ;
Where, in pure, embalmed cell,
None but thou may'st ever dwell.

I will myrrh and spices take,
To thee grateful offering make ;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around ;
Inmost thought from guile refrain ;
There in patient watch remain :

Waiting till the morning's birth
Gladden this bedarkened earth ;
Till the far spent night of gloom,
Sprung from sin's all righteous doom,
Pass for evermore away,
Giving place to endless day.

H Y M N

LXIX.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

NOW Sion's courts with praise shall ring,
While thousand thousand voices sing
The triumph of the Saviour King :
Christ is risen.

Alleluia !

In this most holy paschal tide
Let all who in her gates abide
With thanks extol the Crucified :

Christ is risen.

Alleluia !

O let the blest Redeemer Lord,
All wondrously from death restored,
Be joyfully in song adored :

Christ is risen.

Alleluia !

Before him let the ransomed meet,
With gladsome hearts, in concord sweet,
And high their festal hymns repeat :

Christ is risen.

Alleluia !

H Y M N

LXX.

WE now with one accord,
The temple courts attending,
Adore the Saviour Lord,
On his blest name depending :
With all sufficient grace
The faithful he will feed ;
On him our trust we place
In every time of need.

Each earthly friend may fail,
But Christ is sure for ever,
And nought shall e'er prevail
From him our hopes to sever ;
Not all that men conceive,
Of pleasure, or of harm,
Shall move our souls to leave
His strong and sheltering arm.

Our heart exulting springs,
No more in grief complaining ,
For Jesus comfort brings,
Affliction's might restraining :
His presence cheers our eyes,
We stay upon his love,
And seek the blis that lies
Stored up in realms above.

H Y M N

LXXI.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| JESUS Christ is risen to day, | Alleluia. |
| Our triumphant holy day, | Alleluia. |
| Who did once upon the cross, | Alleluia. |
| Suffer to redeem our loss. | Alleluia. |
| | |
| Hymns of praise then let us sing, | Alleluia. |
| Unto Christ our heavenly King; | Alleluia. |
| Who endured the cross and grave, | Alleluia. |
| Sinners to redeem and save. | Alleluia. |
| | |
| He has bruised the serpent's head, | Alleluia. |
| Powers of darkness captive led; | Alleluia. |
| Now his mighty conflict o'er, | Alleluia. |
| He shall live for evermore. | Alleluia. |
| | |
| Kings to him in prayer shall bend, | Alleluia. |
| Daily shall his praise ascend; | Alleluia. |
| While the angel choirs proclaim, | Alleluia. |
| Blessing to his glorious name. | Alleluia. |

H Y M N

LXXII.

A WAKE, my soul, awake, awake,
Thy Lord has risen long ;
Haste to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful chord and song.

Where spring awakens all around,
Where vernal voices sing,
The first bright blosom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day ;
Henceforth, in Christ, are no more dead,
The grave has no more prey.

In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise ;
And all the tears death made us weep,
He wipes from off our eyes.

And every bird, and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim his glorious victory,
His resurrection power.

The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With living verdure spread ;
The little hills lift up their voice,
And shout that Death is dead.

Then wake, my soul, awake, awake,
And seek thy risen Lord ;
Joy in his resurrection take,
According to his word.

H Y M N

LXXIII.

ALL saints of the Lord,
Exultingly sing
In joyful accord
To Jesus your King :
With minstrelsy glorious
His rising proclaim :
Hosannas uplifting,
Give praise to his name.

Your Saviour confess
In this hallowed place ;
With gladness here bless
His love and his grace :
All joy ! for he liveth,
He lives, as he said ;
The Lord has arisen,
Unharmed, from the dead.

With far pealing voice
Bid those who are bound,
Come forth and rejoice,
For freedom is found ;
Full freedom for bondmen
Fast held with the chain,
And merciless thraldom
Of Satan's fell reign.

H Y M N

LXXIV.

ETERNAL Father, God of peace,
We own thy power to save,
The power which brought thy Holy One
Victorious from the grave.

From paradise his soul returned,
When he had surely healed
Sin's deadly breach, and peace with thee
For us had firmly sealed.

Let now thy Spirit rule our heart,
And guide our inmost will,
That we may thy most righteous law
With fervent zeal fulfil.

Up blest perfection's sacred height
Assist us, Lord, to rise,
Till all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
And shall be evermore.

H Y M N

LXXV.

NOW joyful strains we lift on high
Amid the faithful throng
Of those who Jesus magnify
In sweet and holy song.

We render thanks to Christ the Lord,
Who died our souls to save ;
Through whom to heavenly peace restored,
We fear no more the grave.

With saints, who all triumphantly
In paradise record
O'er sin and death the victory,
We strike the silver chord.

With angel hosts that dwell above,
And weave their golden lays
Around the throne of truth and love,
We glad hosannas raise.

We glorify the living name
Of Sion's righteous King ;
Our tongues aloud his grace proclaim,
In heart his praise we sing.

All glory to the Father be,
And thee, Redeemer Son,
And Holy Spirit, persons Three,
While endless ages run.

H Y M N

LXXVI.

SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the pleasant pastures grow.

Grant, good Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow thee,
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear thy gracious voice.

Saviour, when thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call thine own by name,
All our wandering steps reclaim.

Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in thy watchful sight ;
O'er our deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm thy fold assail.

Jesu, who thy life didst give,
Dying that thy sheep might live,
Let us in thy presence rest,
With eternal quiet blest.

H Y M N

LXXVII.

THE winds of heaven have changed their
note,

Now softly o'er the plain they float ;
The frost has fled, the snow has gone,
The gladdening tide of spring comes on.

Again the lofty groves rejoice,
Reechoing high the turtle's voice ;
They shout for joy, and sweetly sing
Full praise to earth's all gracious King.

The vales anew green herb provide,
Fresh pastures clothe the mountain side ;
While primrosed woods, in bright array,
The handy work of God display.

The daisy mead and cowslip field
To youthful hearts rich pleasure yield ;
The blue bell and the violet tell
Of him whose love made all things well.

Good Lord, by thy renewing breath
Revive our souls from winter death ;
The garden of our spirit dress
With fragrant flowers of holiness.

H Y M N

LXXVIII.

AS chief among ten thousand see
The Prince who set his Israel free :
A vesture dipped in blood he wears,
His brow a golden chaplet bears.

More beautiful than lily flower,
More sweet than rose in Sharon's bower,
Is he whom Salem's daughters bless,
Bright form of perfect loveliness.

His words like oil of balm distil,
And all the soul with gladness fill :
His garments as the cassia smell,
And incense clouds his presence tell.

As myrrh, and thyme, and frankincense
O'er Lebanon their gifts dispense,
Rich odours round his glory rise,
The saints' accepted sacrifice.

O Jesu, grant thy loved ones grace
The beauty of thy life to trace ;
And evermore the joys to know
That from thy cross and passion flow.

H Y M N

LXXIX.

THREE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

O Saviour, let us mount above
The mists that round us rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes.

With joy may we from Pisgah's height
Our promised rest explore :
The flood shall not our souls affright,
Since thou hast passed before.

H Y M N

LXXX.

HAIL the day that sees him go Alleluia !
To his throne from earth below ; Alleluia !
Christ, awhile to suffering given, Alleluia !
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia !

There the glorious triumph waits ; Alleluia !
Lift your heads, eternal gates : Alleluia !
He who vanquished death and sin, Alleluia !
King of glory, would come in. Alleluia !

But ere heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia !
See, he loves the earth he leaves : Alleluia !
Though returning to his throne, Alleluia !
Still he calls mankind his own. Alleluia !

See, he lifts those hands to bleſs, Alleluia !
Whose deep prints his love expres : Alleluia !
Hark, his gracious lips bestow Alleluia !
Blessings on his church below. Alleluia !

Jesu, parted from our sight, Alleluia !
Far above yon azure height, Alleluia !
Thither let our hearts ascend, Alleluia !
And on thee for aye attend. Alleluia !

Blessing, honour, glory, praise, Alleluia !
Be through never ending days Alleluia !
To the Father, and the Son, Alleluia !
And the Spirit, Three in One. Alleluia !

H Y M N

LXXXI.

TO day high festal praises wait
On our exalted King;
To him within the temple gate
Ten thousand voices sing.

Now to his glory we record,
Who were but dust and clay,
What honour he did us afford
On his ascending day.

The human nature, which of late
Below the angels' lay,
Now raised above that meaner state,
Does greater grace display.

Lo, at man's feet all creatures bow,
Which through the wide world be,
Enthroned with God the Father now
The Son of man we see.

Our Lord and brother, who has on
Such flesh as this we wear,
To realms of heavenly bliss has gone,
Eternal might to share.

He who the path of sorrow tried,
And cup of suffering drained,
The Nazarene, the Crucified,
Has endless blessing gained.

To him, through whose prevailing might
The gates of death were riven,
Who brought immortal life to light,
All power and wealth are given.

To David's rod and David's stem,
And Sion's chosen song,
The keys of new Jerusalem
For evermore belong.

His kingdom shall triumphantly
From sea to sea extend ;
The glory of his sovereignty
Shall last when years shall end.

Then for his honour let our voice
A shout so hearty make,
That heaven may at our mirth rejoice,
And hell's foundation shake. Amen.

H Y M N

LXXXII.

LORD JESU, parted from thy servants' sight,
Exalted now to heaven's all glorious height,
With cords of love our drooping hearts uplift
To him who gives each good and perfect gift.

Together met within this hallowed place,
Thy blessed steps from Salem's gate we trace,
We watch thee leading out thy chosen band,
With them on Olivet we see thee stand.

Ascended Saviour, up to heaven we gaze,
To thee the song of adoration raise ;
And, mindful of thine angels' word, reply,
Come quickly, Lord, thy saints to glorify.

Thanksgiving to the Lamb for sinners slain,
By whom we flee death's everlasting pain :
To sin he died ; he rose in victory,
An earnest of our immortality.

Become the firstfruits of the saints that slept,
Of those who through his name true witness kept,
At God's right hand he sits, in grace arrayed,
Till all his foes beneath his feet be laid :

Till all the kingdoms of this world confess
The Lord of life, and truth, and righteousness ;
And death, in adamantine fetters bound,
No more a guilty, fallen race confound.

H Y M N

LXXXIII.

HIGH in heavenly realms are heard
Songs to the incarnate Word ;
Round the throne the angels sing,
Lauding Sion's glorious King.

Seated now at God's right hand,
He shall cheer his faithful band,
Shedding on them richest dower,
Giving gifts of love and power.

Blissful homes he shall prepare,
Where his triumph they may share ;
Where all who till death believe
Shall unfading crown receive.

Let us then in gladsome lays
Hymn the great Redeemer's praise,
With the seraph company
Making sweetest melody.

Let us in his name rejoice,
Lifting up both heart and voice,
And his blest return await,
Watching in the temple gate.

Alleluia ! praise the Lord,
In the holy heaven adored ;
Glorify with angel host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N

LXXXIV.

THE everlasting hills declare
The great and glorious name,
That was, and is, and still shall be,
For evermore the same.

The righteousness of heaven's high King
Is like the mountains strong :
Firm as the rock his truth shall stand,
His children's endless song.

On Ararat in olden time
The church a refuge found,
While yet the watery wilderness
Spread desolation round.

The ancient snows of Lebanon
The Rock of ages speak ;
His mercy and his love distil
From Hermon's dewy peak.

At Horeb the Invisible
His majesty revealed ;
In burning bush his promises
In Abraham he sealed.

On Sinai the mighty God
In thunder cloud appeared ;
Thick blackness of his presence told,
And Israel's armies feared.

The prophet, by the Spirit moved,
From Peor Jacob blessed ;
The unjust of the Just One spake,
And Christ the Lord confessed.

From Ebal and Gerizim pealed
O'er Sychar's hallowed vale,
Or curse, or blessing, shadowed forth
In word that ne'er shall fail.

On Carmel stood the seer of God,
In might of faith arrayed ;
At time of evening sacrifice
The Lord his power displayed.

From some fair knoll in Palestine
Sweet sounds of grace were heard
From him who spake as never man,
The uncreated Word.

On stilly height the Sorrowful
In silent prayer was seen :
The fashion of his face was changed,
And shone in dazzling mien.

At Calvary, without the camp,
By wicked hands was slain,
He whose atoning power and love
Blot out transgression's stain.

From Olivet the Prince of life
Ascended up on high ;
Thence parted from his people's sight,
But still in presence nigh.

To Sion's mount the Lamb shall come,
And with him his redeemed ;
All they who far above all price
Salvation's price esteemed. Amen.

H Y M N

LXXXV.

ONCE more the circling seasons tell
The bright and joyous hour,
When erst upon the chosen fell
The Spirit's hallowing power.

Descend, O Lord, in strength of fire,
That every heart may burn ;
Each mind with sacred zeal inspire,
Each will to wisdom turn.

With freshening streams of fragrant oil
Anoint our inmost soul,
That we the tempter's snares may foil,
And sinful lusts control :

That we henceforth may more and more
The holy One confess,
And Father, Son, and Thee adore,
In truth and righteousness.

H Y M N

LXXXVI.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee (of both) to be but One ;
That through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :

Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

H Y M N

LXXXVII.

FOR ever faithful in thy word,
And just in all thy ways,
Art thou, O Jesu Christ our Lord,
Thy saints' eternal praise.

Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Thy chosen thou didst tell
Of gifts that should their need supply,
And stem the powers of hell :

And how they for their work should be
Enlightened from above ;
As thou wert, when there came on thee
The life inspiring dove.

By this these men that simple were,
And feeble till that hour,
Did through the world thy truth declare
With wondrous might and power.

O Holy Ghost, with Christ the Son
Throughout the church confess,
In glory with the Father one,
Thy name this day be blest.

Now let thine all enlivening fire,
Poured forth from realms above,
Burn up in us each vain desire,
And fill our breasts with love.

Thy dovelike gifts and graces send,
That we may gentle be,
And on bright silver wings ascend,
Our Saviour Christ to see.

Give strong and cheerful hearts to stand
Unharmed amid the strife,
When Satan's myriad legion band
Afsays to take our life.

Let each, O Lord, as warrior brave,
Still keep the battle field,
And ne'er, like sin enfettered slave,
With dastard meanness yield.

Inflame thy host with sacred zeal,
To hold the faith unstained ;
Nor let them sheathe their arm of steel,
Till heaven be surely gained. Amen.

H Y M N

LXXXVIII.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

Visit our minds, into our hearts
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;
That truth and godliness we may
Pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
In grief and all distres ;
The heavenly gift of God most high,
No tongue can it exprefs ;

The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial ;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
The unction spiritual,

Thou in thy gifts art manifold ;
By them Christ's church does stand :
In faithful hearts thou writ'st thy law,
The finger of God's hand.

Our weaknes strengthen and confirm,
For, Lord, thou know'st us frail ;
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,
Against us may prevail.

Put back our enemy far from us,
And help us to obtain
Peace in our hearts with God and man,
The best, the truest gain.

Of strife and all dissension
Dissolve, O Lord, the bands ;
And knit the knots of peace and love
Throughout all Christian lands.

Grant us the grace that we may know
The Father of all might,
That we of his beloved Son
May gain the blissful sight ;

And that we may with perfect faith
For aye acknowledge Thee,
Spirit of Father, and of Son :
One God in persons Three.

To God the Father laud and praise,
And to his blessed Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete ;
Coequal Three in One.

And pray we, that our only Lord
The Comforter may send
On all who shall profess his name,
From hence to the world's end. Amen.

H Y M N

LXXXIX.

NOW let all, their thanks expressing,
Christ's redeeming might proclaim ;
Offering honour, laud, and blessing,
To his great and holy name :
As the powers of heaven adore him
Round the everlasting throne,
So let man bow down before him,
So on earth his praise be shewn.

Through all lands, O Lord of glory,
Be thy bannered cross unfurled,
Let thy wondrous gospel story
Pass triumphant through the world :
With the sounds of thy salvation
Let the wide creation ring ;
And all flesh with exultation
High their loud hosannas sing.

Day by day, thy courts attending,
Let the sons of men rejoice ;
There, before thine altar bending,
Heavenward lift they heart and voice :
Hushing notes of grief and sadness,
Sing of thine atoning love ;
Blending richest strains of gladness
With the chant of saints above.

H Y M N

XC.

GOD, whose almighty word,
In the beginning heard,
Put gloom to flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Christ, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and might,
Look on the sick in mind,
Visit the inly blind,
Shine, and on all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life giving, holy dove,
Speed through the night ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace ;
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

H Y M N

XCI.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to thee :

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore thee,
Standing with the harps of God upon the
glaſsy sea :

Cherubin and seraphin lift their song before
thee,

Who art, and wert, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy, who shall not revere thee ?
Who shall not exalt and praise thy glorious
majesty ?

Thou alone art holy ; all shall bless and fear
thee,

Perfect in power, and love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
All thy works are marvellous in earth, and
sky, and sea :

True are all thy ways, most merciful and
mighty,

God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

H Y M N

XCI.

O FATHER, all creating Lord,
Be thou by every tongue implored,
Be thou by every heart adored.

O Christ, for man's redemption slain,
Let each repentant sinner gain
Forgiveness through thy cross and pain.

O Comforter, whose love and care
The just for heavenly bliss prepare,
May we thy unction ever share.

All glory and dominion be
Through endless ages, Lord, to thee ;
Blest Trinity in Unity.

H Y M N

XCIII.

THE Father's wondrous love be praised,
To him in Sion thanks be raised ;
The sole begotten Word be blest,
And evermore his grace confest ;
And endless benediction be,
O Comforter, ascribed to thee.

Let all the people in accord
Extol the One almighty Lord :
Let distant isles from shore to shore
A tide of holy gladness pour,
And from the earth's remotest bound
High anthems to his name resound.

Their glory let the nations bring,
Meet offering to the heavenly King ;
And, walking in his sacred ways,
Their kings exalt his glorious praise :
The name of his blest Majesty
Be honoured everlastingly.

H Y M N

XCIV.

POUR down, O Lord, the Spirit's ray
On this thy festal holy day,
And let our alleluias rise
A sweet and grateful sacrifice.

These sacred hours of rest we love :
In them we taste of bliss above ;
Of bliss which righteous souls shall gain,
When they the crown of life obtain.

In thy blest presence all shall be
From every tribulation free ;
No sigh shall mar the glorious praise
Which round the throne the just shall raise.

At thy right hand rich strains of joy
Shall tongue of thy redeemed employ ;
They evermore their song shall hymn
With heaven's adoring seraphim.

To thee, O Father, thee, O Son,
And thee, O Spirit, Three in One,
Thanksgiving with sweet melody
Be now and everlastingly.

H Y M N
XCV.

THREE is a stream whose waters flow
 All wondrous bright and clear ;
Her floods are floods of righteousness,
 The fainting soul to cheer.

On Sion's hill her fount is seen,
 And Salem's children tell
The gladness of the heart of those
 Who by her springings dwell.

Where'er throughout the land she flows
 Sweet fruits and flowers are found :
Beside her, decked in living green,
 Rich pasture meads abound.

And trees that stately soar on high,
 And stem the wintry blast,
Deep rooted by her mighty power,
 Their sheltering shadows cast.

Her margins fair the weary herd
 With exultation gain ;
And none who there refreshment seek,
 Refreshment seek in vain.

The river of our God shall still
 In power and might increase,
Till all the earth from drought of sin
 Her tide of grace release.

Now to the King invisible,
 One God whom we adore,
Which was, and is, and is to come,
 Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

XCVI.

O GOD, our God for evermore,
With thanks in this thy hallowed place
We thine eternal love adore,
Extolling high redeeming grace.

To thee, enthroned in realms of light,
The heavenly choirs their tribute bring;
To thee, the sovereign Lord of might,
All angels alleluias sing.

By day, by night, thy hosts rejoice,
And, Holy, holy, holy, cry;
Continually with glorious voice
Thy wondrous name they magnify.

Let evermore thy children's praise
Ascend as incense gratefully,
And glory wait in Sion's ways
On thee, most holy Trinity.

H Y M N

XCVII.

O JESU CHRIST, through weal and woe
The faithful follow thee ;
They tread the path which thou dost go,
Whate'er that path may be.

A fervent love and holy zeal
O'er all their doings shine ;
From morn till eve their works reveal
That they are truly thine.

Like thee, their pattern, guide, and Lord,
Temptation's snare they foil ;
With might they wield the Spirit's sword,
And powers of ill recoil.

And when, in tribulation's day,
Their steps through sorrow run,
They look on thee, and meekly say,
The will of God be done.

By their example cheered, may we
Maintain our earthly strife ;
In patience ever following thee,
The way; the truth, the life.

H Y M N

XCVIII.

THOUGH earthly strength decay,
And powers of hell withstand,
To Canaan's realm we urge our way,
A pilgrim band ;
O may we onward press,
In heart and spirit true,
And through the howling wilderness
Our way pursue.

The promised land we see,
With goodly treasures blest ;
A land from tribulation free,
And all unrest ;
Where milk and honey flow,
Where crystal streams abound ;
And where the vine and olive grow,
With plenty crowned.

To him who reigns on high
We alleluia sing ;
With angel choirs we magnify
The Lord our King ;
With all the heavenly host
A joyful hymn we raise,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Ascribing praise.

H Y M N

XCIX.

WHAT word so full of melody,
So rich in strains of holy cheer,
So deep in sacred harmony,
As Jesus, name to saints most dear?

O Christ, with pardon draw thou near,
When grief for sin afflicts our soul;
Behold the penitential tear,
And make the broken spirit whole.

Thou art the fount of clemency,
The spring of mercy's healing might;
The Lord of grace and charity,
The giver of all true delight.

When thou dost on the heart arise,
And o'er it shed thy beams divine,
The world's deceitful glitter dies,
And heavenly glories round us shine.

Where'er our lot on earth be cast,
Be thou, O Saviour, at our side;
Thy presence grant, good Lord, at last;
And with us through the grave abide.

H Y M N

C.

O JESU, since the faith of thee
With comfort fills the troubled breast,
How great the bliss thy face to see,
And alway in thy presence rest !

Thy grace, O Christ, is passing sweet,
In goodness far exceeding thought ;
With thousand thousand joys replete,
With everlasting gladness fraught.

Be thou, O Lord, our cheering ray,
Pour down thy stream of heavenly light ;
Our soul's dark sadness chase away,
Drive far each earthly cloud of night.

Let now thy chosen servants know
The power of thine abounding love ;
To thine elect in mercy shew
Bright tokens of the peace above.

And while our lips thy name confess,
Still more and more our heart prepare,
That we, in homes of blessedness,
May thine eternal glory share.

H Y M N

Cl.

TO thee, O Christ, our hearts aspire,
To reach thy bliss we humbly aim ;
We seek with glow of holy fire,
And still in seeking fan the flame.

We scarce can speak of thee aright,
Yet, Lord, we dare not silent be ;
Faith bids us take the lofty flight,
And raise our thankful hymn to thee.

Thy love, which shall unchanged abide,
Rich nurture to our spirit gives ;
Its honeyed waters onward glide,
With sweetness filling all that lives.

Who taste of thee no want shall know,
Who drink of thee shall thirst no more ;
In strength each faithful soul shall grow
Through thee who didst our life restore.

O Jesu, now our gladness be,
On earth to us thy joy afford ;
And let our eyes thy beauty see,
Where thou art day and night adored.

H Y M N

CII.

SEE, from Sion's hallowed mountain
Healing waters largely flow ;
God has opened wide a fountain
To refresh the plain below.

Through the world, in channels streaming,
Heavenly mercy finds her way ;
With celestial brightness beaming,
Sparkling in the sunny ray.

Gladdened by the crystal treasure,
Which no drought of summer knows,
Pilgrims sing with holy pleasure,
Deserts blosfom as the rose.

Fruitful trees, the banks adorning,
Yield delight for all around :
They who taste shall cease from mourning,
Endlesj joys for them abound.

We, our alleluia raising,
God's redeeming grace declare ;
Through the Saviour ever praising
His all wondrous love and care.

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the blessed Three in One ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
While the endlesj ages run.

H Y M N

CIII.

YE works of God that live and move
Beneath the rolling seas ;
Ye birds that carol merrily
Amid the spreading trees ;

Ye lions, treading night by night
The forest's wild domain ;
Ye cattle, gently grazing o'er
The fertile pasture plain ;

Ye creeping things, for whom one leaf
Within its narrow sides
A vast extended world displays,
And realms of space provides ;

Ye wondrous insect forms, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To whom one single tiny drop
A boundless ocean seems ;

Where'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great and small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and nurtures all.

Thine be the kingdom, thine the power,
And thine the glory, Lord ;
O beatific Trinity,
In heaven of heavens adored.

H Y M N

CIV.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A guide, a comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
Where he can find a faithful heart,
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each doubt, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
And let our hearts thy dwelling place
For ever be.

Praise we the Father, praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to thee ;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

H Y M N

CV.

JESU CHRIST, our Lord and Saviour,
By thy chosen people stand ;
Keep our trembling feet from falling,
Hold us by thy strong right hand :
With the bread of heaven support us,
Lead us to the promised land.

Let the living cloudy pillar
Day by day before us go ;
Night by night, the darkness breaking,
Through the fire thy presence shew :
Open wide the rocky fountain,
Whence the cleansing waters flow.

When we tread the brink of Jordan,
Let each gloomy fear subside ;
Bear us through the swelling torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
That we may in peace and gladness
Evermore with thee abide.

H Y M N

CVI.

TEACH us, our God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what we do in any thing,
To do as unto thee.

All may of thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
But with this tincture, for thy sake,
Appears both bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Can prove his toil divine :
Whoe'er he be that keeps thy laws,
Makes every labour fine.

Blest Lord, from day to day
Thine honour be our aim ;
Each common task our faith display,
And glorify thy name.

To Father glory be,
And Son, from death upraised,
And Holy Spirit; persons Three ;
One God in Sion praised.

H Y M N

CVII.

BEHOLD the vineyard of the Lord
On Sion's hallowed side,
How beautiful her lines appear,
How firm her stakes abide.

The vine that out of Egypt came,
A tender budding shoot,
Enriched by God's almighty hand,
Has downward taken root.

Luxuriantly her branches spread,
And far her boughs extend ;
Each rod and stem beneath the weight
Of clustered glory bend.

What though dread blight or cutting frost
At times the bloom assail,
Her goodliness shall ne'er decay;
The vintage shall not fail.

The rays of heaven with fervent heat
Shall pour down grace divine :
Her sun, the Sun of righteousness,
With sevenfold might shall shine.

Her fruit shall glad the mourner's heart,
Her wine shall comfort give ;
Both Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Shall take, and drink, and live.

Now to the King invisible,
Whom angel hosts adore,
Which was, and is, and is to come,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

CVIII.

ALMIGHTY Father, fount of good,
We bow before thy face,
And thank thee for our daily food,
And daily means of grace.

Lord Jesu Christ, we thee adore,
Thou Son of God most high,
Who once for us didst not abhor
A death of shame to die.

And thee, O Comforter, we bles^s ;
For thou dost still descend,
That we may follow holines,
And live when time shall end.

We glorify thy sacred name,
Most blessed Trinity ;
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlastingly.

H Y M N

CIX.

O CHRIST, we see not yet the way
Our feet ere long may tread ;
In faith we journey day by day,
As of the Spirit led ;
Not knowing what the path may be,
By which our souls shall follow thee.

Through flowery meads and lovely glades,
By waters still and clear,
Or through wild glens and dismal shades,
By torrents bleak and drear,
The narrow hidden path may be,
By which our souls shall follow thee.

What matter, whether through delight,
Or through distress and tears ;
Mid light of day, or cloud of night
Our course of life appears ;
If step by step the path we see,
By which our souls may follow thee.

H Y M N

CX.

CEASE, Christian, cease thine anxious fear,
Desponding thoughts withstand ;
The Lord thy fainting soul will cheer,
And raise thy drooping hand.

Mark how with tender, loving care
He guides our feeble minds ;
How, whether joy or grief we share,
Some fitting work he finds.

He bids the merry hearted sing,
The sorrow stricken pray ;
The glad their cheerful anthem bring,
The sad their plaintive lay.

He gives us hopes all woe to cure ;
Those hopes to heaven extend :
If meekly we our crofs endure,
Our blifs shall never end.

May he who for us suffered pain,
Who bore for all distres,
With gracious help the weak sustain,
With peace the troubled bleſs.

O ever bleſſed One in Three,
Whose name our lips implore,
To thee all praise and glory be
In Sion evermore.

H Y M N

CXI.

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place
For us around the throne of grace,
Grant, Lord, that we may never stray
From thee, the life, the truth, the way ;
But ever in thy name rejoice,
And sing thy love with thankful voice.

What though the fig tree's stem decay,
The vines all fruitless waste away,
The olive branch no fatness bear,
And vain appear the tiller's care ;
Yet may we in thy name rejoice,
And sing thy love with thankful voice.

Though flock should not the fold surround,
Nor oxen in the stalls be found,
Though dearth should o'er green herb prevail,
And streams the water courses fail ;
Yet may we in thy name rejoice,
And sing thy love with thankful voice.

Blest Father, who dost aye correct
And scourge in mercy thine elect,
The bruised reed thou wilt not break,
Nor thy beloved child forsake ;
With Son and Holy Ghost, to thee
All blessing, praise, and glory be.

H Y M N

CXII.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee ;
E'en though it be a cross
That raises me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Let to mine eyes appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

H Y M N

CXIII.

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to thee ;
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand,
With thine eternal Father plead
For all thy loyal hearted band,
Who still on earth thy succour need :
For us in weakness strength provide,
And through this world our footsteps guide.

O Holy Spirit, fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade ;
And grant that we through all our days
May share thy gifts, and sing thy praise.

H Y M N

CXIV.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purpose he in time will shew,
Unfolding it each hour ;
The bud in form unloved may grow,
But lovely be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

All glory to the sacred Three,
The One almighty Lord,
Whose name for evermore shall be
Beloved, obeyed, adored.

H Y M N

CXV.

RISE, Christian soldiers, rise ;
With heavenly weapons arm :
Take all the strength which God supplies
To keep your life from harm.

Leave no unguarded place
Around the leaguered soul ;
With watching unto prayer embrace
And fortify the whole.

Resist the powers of night,
Confound their ill design,
Encompassed with the Spirit's might,
Engirt with grace divine.

Go forth against your foes
In firm and close array ;
With boldnes their afsaults oppose
Throughout the evil day.

On Christ, the conqueror King,
Whose name we glorify,
Whose praise the holy myriads sing,
Let all the host rely.

We with the angel host
In heaven of heavens adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

H Y M N

CXVI.

HAIL the woman's promised seed,
Born to bruise the serpent's head ;
Help us, Lord, in will and deed
By thy power on him to tread.

Hail, thou paschal Lamb divine,
Slain to save us by thy blood ;
Wash us in that blood of thine,
Save us from the fiery flood.

Hail, thou Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Teach us to receive thy word,
Trusting in thine offering,
Serving thee, the only Lord.

Thou who didst the battle win,
And a glorious kingdom gain,
Raise us from the grave of sin,
That we, Lord, with thee may reign.

Alleluia, as is meet,
To the blessed Three in One,
Father, Son, and Paraclete,
While the endless ages run.

H Y M N

CXVII.

MERCIFUL Father, all nature upholding,
Ruling the worlds by the word of thy might,
Graciously alway thy glory unfolding,
Caston thy church the bright beams of thy light.

Son of the Highest, the perfect oblation,
Made for our sins upon Calvary's tree,
Rising again for our justification,
Keep whom the Father has given to thee.

Spirit of wisdom, in unity blending
All who are chosen salvation to share,
Still in thy beauty on Salem descending,
Daily each heart as thy temple prepare.

God in three persons, in splendour abounding,
Dwelling in regions of infinite day,
Ages on ages, thy presence surrounding,
Choirs of the ransomed glad homage shall pay.

H Y M N

CXVIII.

WHERE dwells the glorious King,
Whom Sion's children bless,
Who did for them redemption bring,
And righteousness ?
On heaven's eternal height
His kingdom he maintains ;
There, girt with everlasting might,
Our Saviour reigns.

Before him prostrate fall
The holy angel host ;
In him, the sovereign Lord of all,
Dominions boast :
And saints, whose feet have trod
This sin polluted earth,
Throughout the paradise of God
Declare his worth.

May we around the throne
In adoration stand,
And tell the wonders he has shewn
By his right hand ;
While listening worlds attend,
May we his grace proclaim,
And laud in songs which ne'er shall end
His blessed name.

H Y M N

CXIX.

BEHOLD, I come, and with me bring
My sure and great reward ;
In majesty and might arrayed,
The everliving Lord.

I come, that all who me receive,
And on my word depend,
May at the marriage feast with joy
In raiment white attend.

Then shall the everlasting doors
Unfold, to entertain
The bright and beauteous company
Of my triumphal train.

The walls of new Jerusalem
Shall with hosannas ring,
While my redeemed and shining ones
In adoration sing.

O Jesu, help our unbelief,
And let our love abound ;
That we at thy return may be
All true and faithful found :

That we may through eternity
Exalt thy saving might ;
Made meet to share for evermore
The bliss of saints in light.

H Y M N

CXX.

O, what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes !
The former seas have passed away,
The former earth and skies,
From heaven the holy city comes,
The bride of Christ the Lord ;
All things are now by grace renewed,
And righteousness restored.

Attending angels shout for joy,
The white robed armies sing ;
Behold, ye saints, the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And sin, with its attendant train
Of death and hell, shall die.

Yet once I change the heavens and earth,
Says he whose words are true :
The ancient things have passed away,
And all are now made new.

I am the First, and I the Last,
Through endless years the same ;
I AM is my memorial still,
Mine everlasting name.

Ho, ye that thirst, to you my love
Shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the crystal spring,
Whence life for ever flows.

H Y M N

CXXI.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Lift your voice in tuneful lays,
High your cheerful anthems raise.

Gladly travel home to God
In the path the righteous trod ;
Blesfed now are they, and ye
Soon with them at rest shall be ;

If ye daily onward press,
Girt with truth and holiness ;
If ye Christ your pattern make,
And the Spirit's guidance take.

Abba, Father, grant that we
May thy loving children be ;
Teach us, with the brave and bold
Firm our glorious faith to hold.

Let our strength be as our day
O'er the rough and rugged way ;
Every wavering thought restrain,
Till the blissful goal we gain.

Praise to thee, Emmanuel,
From thy ransomed Israel ;
With the Father, as is meet,
And the Holy Paraclete.

H Y M N

CXXII.

HOW blest are they who gladly hear
Sweet wisdom's heavenly voice ;
Who her celestial doctrine makē
Their early, constant choice.

For she has riches greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
More precious are her high rewards
Than stores of finest gold.

She guides the young through royal courts
Of saintly joy to tread ;
With glory she delights to crown
The aged Christian's head.

According as her labours rise,
Her gracious gifts increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantnesf,
And all her paths are peace.

Now praise we God the Father's name,
And Christ the Lord that died,
And God the Holy Ghost by whom
Our hearts are sanctified.

H Y M N

CXXIII.

THE shadow of the Almighty's cloud
Calm on the tents of Israel lay,
While drooping paused twelve banners proud,
Till he arise and lead the way.*

Then to the desert breeze unrolled,
Cheerly the waving pennons fly,
Lion or eagle — each bright fold
A load star to a warrior's eye.

So should thy champions, ere the strife,
By holy hands o'ershadowed kneel ;
So, fearless for their charmed life,
Bear, to the end, thy Spirit's seal.

Steady and pure as stars that beam
In middle heaven, all mist above,
Seen deepest in the frozen stream,
Such is their high courageous love.

And soft as pure, and warm as bright,
They brood upon life's peaceful hour,
As if the dove that guides their flight
Shook from her plumes a downy shower.

* Numbers ix. 17.

Spirit of might and sweetnes too,
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste thy people trod ;

Draw, Holy Ghost, thy sevenfold vail
Between us and the fires of youth :
Breathe, Holy Ghost, thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do thou renew,
When beckoned up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, toward thee we drew ;

When trembling at the sacred rail,
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced
That bleſſing dear, that dovelike hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

H Y M N

CXXIV.

THROUGH childhood, youth, and age
May we our charge fulfil ;
Let this our highest powers engage,
To do our Master's will.

May we with jealous care
As in his presence live,
And faithfully each day prepare,
A strict account to give.

O let us watch and pray,
And still on grace rely ;
Lest we our solemn trust betray,
And Christ our Lord deny.

God will on us confer,
Through his beloved Son,
The Holy Ghost the Comforter,
Till all our course be run.

Till death may he impart
His sacred love and fear,
And mightily incline our heart
True wisdom's voice to hear.

To heaven's eternal Three,
The high and lofty One,
All love and adoration be,
While endless ages run.

H Y M N

CXXV.

O CHRIST, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy presence now reveal
To all who in thy courts appear,
And at thy table kneel.

We come this day with one accord
On bread of life to feed ;
To take in truth thy body, Lord,
And drink thy blood indeed.

Thy last command we would obey,
To shew that we are thine ;
And hasten on our heavenly way,
Renewed with strength divine.

Blest Jesu, let thy chosen know
In this thy holy place
The fulness of the joys which flow
From thy refreshing grace.

Thanksgiving to the sacred Three,
The One all glorious King,
To whom the faithful bow the knee,
And sweet oblations bring.

H Y M N

CXXVI.

MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetnes know.

Hail sacred feast which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its blessings set in vain
Before hearts careless to be fed ?
Was not for you the victim slain ?
Are you denied the children's bread ?

Revive thy dying members, Lord ;
The drooping spirits make to live ;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

O let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests :
And may each soul salvation see,
That in the Wellbeloved rests.

To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
One God whom heaven's high host adore,
As was from everlasting meet,
Be glory now, and evermore.

H Y M N

CXXVII.

A LL ye who faithful servants are
Of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and rich and poor,
His praise devoutly sing.

Let us rejoice, and render thanks
To his most holy name ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.

The church herself has ready made :
How pure and white her drefs :
That drefs, her saints' integrity,
And spotless holiness.

O therefore blest is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is made a welcome guest.

All worthy thou, who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

Blessing, and honour, glory, power,
From all in earth and heaven,
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

H Y M N

CXXVIII.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It has not passed away.

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake ;
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth can break ;

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side :

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst join two natures
In thine eternal bands :

Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel ;
As thou for Christ the bridegroom
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
As onward to thine altar,
The hallowed path they trace,

To cast their crowns before thee,
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.

H Y M N

CXXIX.

WHO, when beneath affliction's rod,
Can inward rest attain,
And bless the chastening love of God
In some remembered strain ?

Who, when in pain he lies apart,
And powers of frame decay,
Can muse with holy joy of heart
On some familiar lay ?

He can suffice for these good things,
Whose mind with Christ's is one ;
Who closely in communion clings
To God's incarnate Son.

O Saviour, fount of wondrous might,
Let me this gift receive ;
Thus, Lord, in sorrow's darkest night
Thy servant's grief relieve.

Let songs of Sion, known of old
Within the hallowed place,
My spirit cheer, my faith uphold,
Through thine all strengthening grace.

H Y M N
CXXX.

NO more to sigh, no more to weep,
Departed saints in Jesus sleep ;
A voice from heaven declares them blest,
In everlasting peace they rest.

What though the grave their bodies hold,
They have not left the Christian fold ;
Their Lord, their King, their God most high,
They still with praises glorify.

In paradise the righteous meet
Beneath their dear Redeemer's feet ;
Awaiting there the trump that all
Before the judgment seat shall call.

O Saviour, we would softly tread
Where lie entombed the faithful dead,
And oft with fervent love repair
To gather thoughts of comfort there.

May we like thy blest saints hold fast
Our heavenly hope while life shall last ;
May we like them our faith maintain,
And thine eternal glory gain.

To thee, who died, and aye dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give,
With God our Father, as is meet,
And thee, lifegiving Paraclete.

H Y M N

CXXXI.

SWEET is the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene ;
When the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds lustre o'er the passing scene.

So is the Christian's parting hour,
When peacefully he sinks to rest ;
And faith, enkindling all her power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.

There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

A glorious beam is sent to cheer
The heavenly pilgrim on his road ;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to the bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's good Spirit thus has blest ;
And sink into the soft repose
Of them that sleep on Jesu's breast ?

O Lord, that we in peace may part,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see ;
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to live to thee.

H Y M N

CXXXII.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
He lives who once was dead ;
To me in grief he comfort gives,
With peace he crowns my head.

He lives triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

He lives to fill my breast with love,
With joy my heart to feed ;
He lives to plead for me above,
To succour me in need.

He lives that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim ;
He lives that I may honour give
To his most holy name.

Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ my precious sacrifice,
And everliving King.

H Y M N

CXXXIII.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart ?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redresed,
When in my mother's arms I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Thine be the kingdom, thine the power,
And thine the glory, Lord ;
O beatific Trinity,
In heaven of heavens adored.

H Y M N

CXXXIV.

O WORLD, not all thy glittering toys
Can charm the souls that know
Themselves redeemed for higher joys
Than thou canst e'er bestow.

In vain are treasures sought for here
On thy deceitful shore ;
Where nought but empty shells appear,
And thousands wreck deplore.

Away then take thy tinsel ware,
These bawbles we despise ;
Of thy delights we will beware,
And heavenward turn our eyes.

Lord Jesu Christ, put forth thy hand,
And draw us after thee ;
That we around the throne may stand,
And thy great glory see :

That we thy sacred name may bless
In realms of cloudless day,
And reap with saints the happiness
That ne'er shall pass away.

All glory to thy holy name,
Most blessed Trinity,
To day, and yesterday, the same,
And everlasting.

H Y M N

CXXXV.

TO God be glory, while we tell
That Satan and his legions fell,
Cast out from heaven ; o'ercome in fight
By Michael and his angels' might.

As lion greedy of his prey,
He ranges now the earth's highway;
Still seeking whom he may devour
By lying fraud and cunning power.

Good Lord, thy holy angels send
With charge our weakness to befriend ;
That they who ministered to thee
Our succour and defence may be.

To us vouchsafe a blessed part
In childlike lowliness of heart;
So shall our guardian always stand
Among the glorious angel band.

In heaven they joy, when one frail child
Of fallen man, astray, beguiled,
Repentant turns, with faltering pace,
To seek again his Father's face.

The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Shall come again with angel train :
Then shall the wicked severed be
From all the faithful company.

With cherubim and seraphim,
Who, Holy, holy, holy, hymn
Before the throne, and never rest,
We sing the Three, One ever blest.

H Y M N

CXXXVI.

O KING of saints, with heavenly grace
Enrich and sanctify this place ;
And plenteously thy favour pour
On us who thy blest name adore.

As dewdrops diamond hues display
Beneath the sun's enlivening ray,
So let this tabernacle shine,
Made glorious by the light divine.

What time within thy shrine we bow
With troubled heart, or aching brow,
Behold in love thy suppliants' grief ;
In mercy grant to all relief.

Thy cleansing power be present, Lord ;
To all thy saving health afford,
When dutifully thy children raise
Their eucharist of love and praise.

The kingdom, power, and glory be,
O everlasting Lord, to thee,
The Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Through endless ages as is meet.

H Y M N

CXXXVII.

A LL times, O Lord, thy mercy prove,
Thy gifts all creatures share ;
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine :
The seasons knew thy call ;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

The hand unseen, that works above,
Matured the swelling grain ;
And now the harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Ne'er may our cold forgetful hearts
Forget thy bounteous care ;
But what our Father's hand imparts,
Still own in praise and prayer.

Thanksgiving to the sacred Three,
The One all glorious King,
To whom the faithful bow the knee,
And sweet oblations bring.

H Y M N

CXXXVIII.

NOW, O Lord, thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise ;
Thanks our inmost heart inflame,
High their joy our lips proclaim :
Countless gifts to thee we owe,
From thy love all blessings flow.

Gentle showers, and glistening dews,
Rays which gladdening heat diffuse,
Freshening winds that softly pour
Fragrance from their wondrous store ;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

Fruitful trees, and grassy fields,
Flowers which every garden yields,
Flocks that whiten far the plain,
Plenteous sheaves of golden grain ;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

Gentleness, and love, and peace,
Fruits which evermore increase,
Springing up eternally
Through the Spirit's energy ;
Lord, for these thy children raise
Holy songs in grateful praise.

H Y M N

CXXXIX.

LORD of the harvest's ripened grain,
To thee we lift the festal strain
For crops safe gathered, sent to cheer
Thy people through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed time, and by harvest tide.

The bare dry grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings ;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt : the just of earth,
The sport of wind and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

And daily, Lord, our prayer be said,
As thou hast taught, for daily bread ;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need :
O Bread of life, from day to day,
Be thou our comfort, food, and stay.

H Y M N

CXL.

MOST gracious Lord, in all distress
A never failing aid,
In present depths of bitterness
On thee our hope is laid.

We know the wonders thou hast wrought
On earth in days of old ;
How thy right hand deliverance brought,
And made the fearful bold.

Our fathers, when, by grief opprest,
To thee they humbly fled,
By thee were aye with comfort blest,
And out of trouble led.

Their children at thy mercy seat
This day their sin confess ;
And, prostrate at thy sacred feet,
Make known their hearts' distress.

Good Lord, our lamentations hear,
And pardoning love extend
To all who, filled with holy fear,
In contrite sorrow bend.

For mourning, oil of joy confer,
Blest Lord, the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost the Comforter ;
Long suffering Three in One.

H Y M N

CXLI.

ARISE, and magnify the Lord,
With voice of melody,
Who in his love remembered us
In our adversity.

In concert lift your thanks to him
Who heard our humble cries,
When lately to his throne we came
With tears and contrite sighs.

Sing hymns of grateful praise to God,
Whose angel stayed his hand,
When his most righteous judgments lay
On our afflicted land.

Thanksgiving to the King of kings,
The ever glorious name ;
The Ancient One of endless days,
Through endless years the same.

God of our praise, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
We bow before thy majesty,
And ever worship thee.

H Y M N

CXLII.

R EDEEMER Lord,
In sweet accord
Evangelists proclaim
All saving health,
All lasting wealth,
Through thy most righteous name.

Thy kingdom pure,
Which shall endure
For evermore, begins
In those who know,
How here below
To mortify their sins.

And they that will
Thy word fulfil,
Still seeking holy blifs,
Shall surely find
Their heart and mind
Reformed from things amifs.

O Christ our King,
Whose praise we sing,
Vouchsafe that we may see
Thy glorious face
In that blest place,
Where saints shall reign with thee

H Y M N

CXLIII.

BEFORE the throne a countless band
Of Sion's ransomed children stand ;
Their brows are wreathed with chaplets bright,
As victors in the deadly fight.

Through tribulation's fire they came,
Beneath the cross they met the flame ;
And now from all their woes they rest,
With everlasting comfort blest.

They pain of body feel no more,
No more they grief of heart deplore ;
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And hushed is sorrow's inmost sigh.

On harps of God they strike the chord,
And glorify the living Lord ;
Who triumphed in the Egyptian sea *,
And conquered Death on Calvary.

To thee, who died, and aye dost live,
All glory, Lord, thy people give;
With thee, blest Father, as is meet,
And thee, eternal Paraclete.

* They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.

H Y M N

CXLIV.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall mine earthly sorrows end,
And I thy glory see ?
When shall mine eyes thy jasper wall,
And gates of pearl behold ;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And street of shining gold ?

Apostles, prophets, martyrs, there
Shall round the Saviour stand,
With all who in his faith depart,
One great and goodly band :
There all the saintly company
Who followed Christ the Lord,
Shall evermore in anthems high
His saving strength record.

Faint not then, O my soul, at pain,
Nor feel at death dismay ;
Let hope of Salem's heavenly peace
Thy grief and fear allay :
Rejoice, and with hosannas laud
Thy blest Redeemer King ;
To him who reigns on Sion's hill
In strains of gladness sing.

H Y M N

CXLV.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst the Father's throne :
In honour of his name prepare
A song before unknown.

Lo, elders worship at his feet,
The four the throne surround ;
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.

Who shall the Father's record search,
And hidden things reveal ?
The Wellbeloved that record takes,
And opes each mystic seal.

And now adoring angel hosts
Their alleluias raise ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But one their voice of praise.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, the saints reply ;
For he was slain for us.

Thou hast redeemed us with thy blood,
And set the prisoners free ;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

H Y M N

CXLVI.

O SALEM, beauteous vision
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou stor'st within thy walls.

Thou art the joyous mansion
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the King.

The glorified Redeemer,
Thy diadem and crown,
Shines o'er thee in his splendour
With light that ne'er goes down.

No foe thy gate approaches,
No fears thy peace molest ;
For evermore thy children
From strife and trouble rest.

On thee, O holy city,
Our eyes their vigil keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

Thy bells are loudly ringing,
Their joyful sounds descend ;
With gladness they are telling
Of bliss that knows no end.

All glory to the Father,
And thee, Redeemer Son,
And thee, O Holy Spirit ;
Eternal Three in One.

H Y M N

CXLVII.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Through trouble deep, and suffering dire
They reached the realms of light ;
In Christ's most precious blood they washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Therefore before God's throne they stand,
Of his salvation tell,
His praise with all their powers declare,
And in his temple dwell.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every tongue to sing ;
Continually the sacred courts
With alleluias ring.

The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside ;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

To heavenly streams he'll lead them forth,
Where living water cheers :
And from their eyes the Lord himself
Shall wipe away all tears.

All glory to the Father be,
And thee, Redeemer Son,
And thee, O Holy Comforter,
The blessed Three in One.

H Y M N

CXLVIII.

WHO are these that palms are bearing,
These who on mount Sion stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this wondrous band?
Hark! they alleluia sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they who long contended
In the blest Redeemer's name;
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Sin and death they overcame:
Bravely they the fight sustained,
Through the Lamb they triumph gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now all grief and sorrow past,
Evermore their joy shall last.

These are they who strength receiving
From the fount by grace supplied,
Turned from sin the unbelieving,
To confess the Crucified:
Round the throne as stars they shine,
Radiant with the light divine.

H Y M N

CXLIX.

JERUSALEM the heavenly,
The hope of God's elect,
The dear and future vision
That saintly hearts expect :
Beneath the contemplation
My spirit fails and faints ;
All vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Reechoing with song
Of Salem's ransomed people,
Innumerable throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene ;
The mansions of the blessed
Are decked with glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
All who beneath their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever,
Are clad in robes of white.

H Y M N

CL.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuildest,
Art the joy of courts above,
And, with angel armies circled,
As a bride to earth dost move !

Bright with pearls thy portals glitter,
Day and night they open wide ;
And, by virtue of His merits,
Thither entering, there abide,
All who for the name of Jesus
In this world were crushed and tried.

Many a blow and dint most heavy
Well prepared those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly architect :
Who therewith has willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.

Glorious lie the twelve foundations ;
Christ the head and corner stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the church in one ;
Holy Sion's joy for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
Full of tuneful praise and gladness,
Pours continual melody ;
God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Hymning everlasting. Amen.

PRIVATE HYMNS.

H Y M N

CLI.

O COME, and let us seek delight
In each rejoicing sound and sight
This glorious summer morning :
The birds with mirth are gathering round,
Sweet fruits and lovely flowers abound,
Both hill and dale adorning.

The bees, borne forth on tiny wing,
O'er garden beds their carol sing,
And gather honeyed treasure ;
The spreading trees, in full array,
Their thousand beauteous forms display,
And fill the eye with pleasure.

Large ears the wheat blades now unfold ;
And all exult, both young and old,
The Lord of harvest praising :
To him from whom this bounty flows,
Who every precious gift bestows,
Her song all flesh is raising.

Blest Saviour, let our souls be filled
With freshening showers from heaven distilled,
That they may richly flourish ;
And grant that daily streams of grace
Within our heart's unfertile place
The fruits of faith may nourish.

H Y M N

CLII.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking :
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day :
Come to him, who made this splendour ;
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning :
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended ;
God has tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true :
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil would'st pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth :

He unfoldeth

Every fault that lurks within ;

Every stain of shame glossed over

Can discover,

And discern each deed of sin.

Mayest thou on life's last morrow,

Free from sorrow,

Pass away in slumber sweet ;

And released from death's dark sadness

Rise in gladness,

That far brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,

Light refuse not,

But his Spirit's voice obey :

Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,

Splendour breathing,

Fairer than the fairest day.

H Y M N

CLIII.

BEHOLD, mine eyes, how yonder sun
Has joyously his course begun ;
His lovely beams the light renew,
All sparkling in the early dew.

Awake, my glory, lift thy voice,
In sweet melodious strains rejoice ;
With feathered warblers gladly raise
Thy matin chant of thanks and praise.

Arise, my heart, arise, and bless
Thy peace, thy strength, thy righteousness ;
With holy exultation sing,
Extolling Christ thy Saviour King.

O let both heart and tongue accord
To magnify their gracious Lord,
And day by day through life proclaim
The wonders of his glorious name.

All benediction be to him,
Before whose feet the cherubim
Bow down, and ceaseless praise repeat,
The Father, Son, and Paraclete.

H Y M N

CLIV.

AT early dawn the mountain bound
Are on their pilgrim way ;
Fresh with the morning's sweet perfume,
Their thoughts are bright and gay.

Before them rise the glorious heights
Their feet assay to gain,
And fear comes o'er them, lest perchance
Those heights they ne'er attain.

They tremble as afar they see
In still ascending scale
The wondrous range of Alpine peaks
That top the grafsy vale.

But now, one summit reached, from thence
Rejoicing they behold
The valley's depth, and gladness makes
The faint in spirit bold.

The path is rough, and full the sun
Pours forth his scorching beams ;
But flowers are by them, and they drink
From cool refreshing streams.

E'en so the Christian traveller,
On heavenly glory bent,
From strength to strength, and grace to grace,
Climbs up the steep ascent.

H Y M N

CLV.

ON mountain side, in sheltered dell,
Beneath the hanging rock,
Amid the verdant pasturage,
Behold the grazing flock.

See there the strong and trusty dog
Beside the tender sheep ;
By day, by night, his wakeful eye
Will watch around them keep.

And for them with a love unfeigned
The hardy shepherd cares :
With them the peaceful solitude
The livelong hours he shares.

What time some erring one has strayed,
He seeks till he has found :
Then to the fold with joy returns
Amid the bleating sound.

And great his gladness, if at time
To render his account,
He brings in beautiful array
His full and fair amount.

And Israel a shepherd has,
On Sion ever near
To feed his flock, and lead them forth
By waters still and clear.

H Y M N

CLVI.

FROM cleft in Pyrenæan rock
The healing waters flow,
And well their gentle powers to save
The sick and suffering know.

“ Saint Saviour” is the name they give
To that blest mountain place,
A name that speaks the Holy One,
And his redeeming grace.

Far better than Abana’s stream,
Or Pharpar’s crystal tide,
Or Jordan’s depth, the cleansing flood
From his most precious side.

At morn and eve the impotent
To him for help repair,
And gladly sweet refreshing draughts
Of sacred comfort share.

Foul leprosies are washed from off
The sin polluted soul :
And they who sat in darkness see,
For Christ has made them whole.

Ho, every one whose spirit thirsts
For ever blessed health,
To Jesus come, and freely take
Of his renewing wealth.

“ Saint Sauveur,” a village in the high Pyrenees, famous for its
healing waters.

H Y M N

CLVII.

THOUSANDS, O Lord my God, this day
Within thy temple meet ;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

They see thy power and glory there,
Where I have seen thee too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.

They sing thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For thou art in their midst to teach,
While they look up to thee ;
And thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
And blessings too for me.

What time the bread thy servants break,
They food of life receive ;
The cup of saving health they take,
And all their need relieve.

The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die ?

Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 'tis thy gracious will ;
If not, contented in thy hands
Behold thy prisoner still.

I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art ;
O give me here a house of prayer,
Here Sion's joys impart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope the joys untold ;
Let love, without a vail between,
Thy presence now behold.

To God, my God, all glory be,
With Jesus Christ the Son,
And Comforter ; coequal Three ;
The holy, blessed One.

H Y M N

CLVIII.

HOW blest for those who still remain
On bed of weakness, grief, or pain,
To call to mind the victory won
By saints who erst their course have run.

The sufferer lies on hallowed ground,
Christ's witnesses his couch surround :
Their cheerfulness and patience tell
Of waters from the springing well.

The faith of Sion's holy dead,
Like pillow soft to weary head,
Can through the silent watches still
The throbbing heart and restlesfs will.

To him, by whom up hill of scorn
The cross was once all meekly borne,
Who, for the joy before him set,
Affliction's sharpest conflict met,

They looked ; and, not in vain, received
The strength that all their need relieved :
Thus, unto death resisting sin,
The chosen endless glory win.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, incarnate Son, to thee,
All praise, as is for ever meet,
To thee, eternal Paraclete.

H Y M N

CLIX.

WHEN sleep, good Lord, does me forsake,
The sole posseſſion of me take ;
Let no vain fancy me illude,
No one impure desire intrude.

Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You alleluias sing on high ;
You, ever wakeful near the throne,
Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thine arms I will entrust :
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some heavenly mansion me prepare.

O let me ever ready stand,
My lamp aye burning in my hand ;
Let me in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice.

Blest Jesu, thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canſt thou weary grow
Of ante dating bliſſ below,
In ſacred hymns, and holy love,
Which will eternal be above ?

Lord, leſt the tempter me ſurprise,
Watch over thine own ſacrifice,
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

H Y M N

CLX.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
Thee lovelier than the sons of men ?
Ah ! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain ?
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I strayed ;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved :
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread ;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved :
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
Still to press forward in the way :
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears ;
Give to my heart chaste hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul with filial fears
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile ; thy sceptre, or thy rod :
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

PROPER TUNES.

HYMN

I.....	Skeats.
II.....	S. Ambrose.
III.....	Goldel.
IV.....	Eisenach.
V.....	Magdeburg.
VI.....	Irish.
VII.....	Beverley.
VIII.....	Durham.
IX.....	Wells.
X.....	Tallis.
XI.....	Stirling.
XII.....	Hursley.
XIII.....	Ely.
XIV.....	Hosanna.
XV.....	Manheim.
XVI.....	Altorf.
XVII.....	S. Patrick.
XVIII.....	Old martyrs.
XIX.....	Franconia.
XX.....	Melrofs.
XXI.....	S. Matthew.
XXII.....	Moravia.
XXIII.....	Innocents.
XXIV.....	Warwick.
XXV.....	Lawes.
XXVI.....	Portuguese.
XXVII.....	Ladbroke.
XXVIII.....	Name of Jesus.
XXIX.....	Bishopthorpe.
XXX.....	S. Clement.
XXXI.....	Carlisle.
XXXII.....	S. George.
XXXIII.....	Rockingham.
XXXIV.....	Berlin.
XXXV.....	Prague.
XXXVI.....	S. Cecilia.
XXXVII.....	S. Andrew.
XXXVIII.....	Nafbau.
XXXIX.....	All saints.

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XLI.....	Swabia.
XLII.....	Pleyel.
XLIII.....	Konigsberg.
XLIV.....	Colchester.
XLV.....	Manchester new.
XLVI.....	Rostoc.
XLVII.....	S. Alban.
XLVIII.....	Bristol.
XLIX.....	S. Matthias.
L.....	Dundee.
LI.....	Burford.
LII.....	S. Bride.
LIII.....	Gibbons.
LIV.....	Caithness.
LV.....	Farrant.
LVI.....	S. Mary.
LVII.....	Osnaburg.
LVIII.....	Culrofs.
LIX.....	Ravenna.
LX.....	Abridge.
LXI.....	Oriel.
LXII.....	Culbach.
LXIII.....	Oldenburg.
LXIV.....	Saxony.
LXV.....	Coburg.
LXVI.....	Goudimel.
LXVII.....	Sherborne.
LXVIII.....	Presburg.
LXIX.....	S. Gregory.
LXX.....	Mendelssohn.
LXXI.....	Worgan.
LXXII.....	Southwark.
LXXIII.....	Hanover.
LXXIV.....	Hayes.
LXXV.....	S. James.
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LXXVII.....	Crasfelius.
LXXVIII.....	Keble.

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LXXXIII	Lubeck.
LXXXIV	York.
LXXXV.....	S. Anne.
LXXXVI.....	Dortmund.
LXXXVII.....	Salisbury.
LXXXVIII.....	Abbey.
LXXXIX.....	Salsburg.
XC.....	Moscow.
XCI.....	Trinity.
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XCVI.....	Savoy.
XCVII	S. Bernard.
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XCIX	Wareham.
C.....	Newmarket.
CI.....	Devonshire.
CII.....	Stutgard.
CIII.....	Norwood.
CIV.....	Olmutz.
CV.....	S. Werberg.
CVI.....	Leeds.
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CVIII	Northampton.
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CX	Chichester.
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CXIII	Lambeth.
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CXVI.....	Gräfrath.
CXVII	Sternberg.
CXVIII.....	Armagh.
CXIX.....	Croyland.

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CXXXV	Melcombe.
CXXXVI.....	Leipsic.
CXXXVII	Lovehill.
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CXXXIX	Halle.
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CXLIII.....	Bishop.
CXLIV.....	Jerusalem.
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CLII	Arles.
CLIII	Whitehall.
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REVELATION, v.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.
Amen.

